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The BYSTANDER

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Photograph *Rita Martin*

THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON: A NEW PORTRAIT

Her ladyship, who recently arranged a big concert, at which Lady Dufferin sang, in aid of a well-known authoress in reduced circumstances, is the daughter of the late Sir Samuel Wilson. She has four children, Lord Hastings and the Ladies Maud, Norah, and Marian Hastings. An illustrated article on the Atherstone Hunt, of which the Earl of Huntingdon is Master, appears on pp. 133-5

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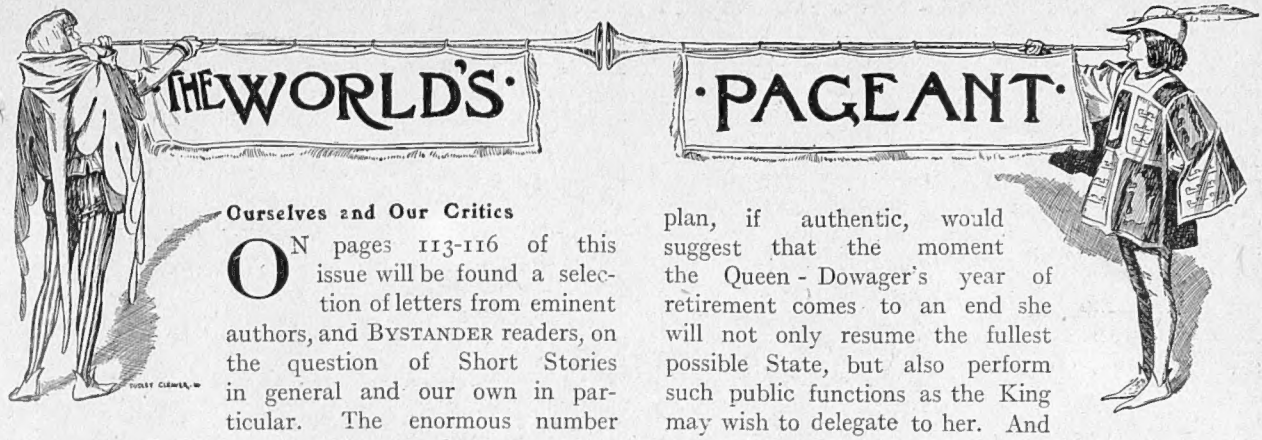


Ourselves and Our Critics

ON pages 113-116 of this issue will be found a selection of letters from eminent authors, and BYSTANDER readers, on the question of Short Stories in general and our own in particular. The enormous number of letters I have received from readers assures me of the wide interest taken in the subject, but what is more gratifying still is the uniform tone of cordiality adopted even by those who support "Saunterer's" criticism. One hardly dared to think that so much goodwill existed in the world. It was, perhaps, a little novel for a journal willingly to expose itself to criticism, but, then, this is a novel year, in a comparatively novel century, and THE BYSTANDER is — or tries to be—a novel paper.

Royalty

All the Royalties at present in England will assemble at Windsor for the week-end in order to take part in the memorial service (probably the last of its kind) for Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, to be held in the Frogmore Mausoleum on Sunday morning. During the week following there will be lots of shooting over the well-stocked Windsor coverts, and a selected series of guests will be entertained at the Castle until the Court comes to London for the State opening of Parliament on February 6.

Queen Alexandra and Ireland

The announcement that crept, in a rather sideways manner, into the papers last week to the effect that Queen Alexandra was to pay a visit to Ireland in July came as somewhat of a surprise, especially in Ireland, which unhappy country has always been afraid that it stood in none too high a position in the Queen-Dowager's favour.

A State Visit

That Her Majesty's alleged visit was no private one seemed obvious from the fact that the 9th Lancers were said to have received orders to be ready to act as guard of honour to her for the occasion. The plan, if authentic, would suggest that the moment the Queen-Dowager's year of retirement comes to an end she will not only resume the fullest possible State, but also perform such public functions as the King may wish to delegate to her. And nobody is better able to do such duties than the still beautiful Consort of our late beloved Sovereign.

Photograph] **The Earl of Dudley** [*Lafayette*

Governor-General of the Australian Commonwealth, whose resignation was announced and then denied last week. His lordship was formerly a most successful Irish Viceroy, and there are many who prophesy his return to that appointment, he being a bit of a Home Ruler himself, though a Conservative

The Dudleys

There was a good deal more, of course, than met the eye in the repeated announcement of, and repeated denial of, Lord Dudley's resignation of the Governor-Generalship of Australia. There is no doubt, of course, not only that Lord Dudley is, perhaps, a little wasted out in the Antipodes, but also that for the most popular Viceroy Ireland has ever known to be made Viceroy of Ireland once again would certainly please loyal Ireland, while, Lord Dudley being already in favour of Devolution, and not unresponsive to a strong lead, his appointment would probably cause little distress to the Nationalists.

At the Castle

Ireland has not yet forgotten that Dublin had the time of its life during the Dudley *régime* at the Castle. The money—not Dublin's, but the Dudleys'—simply flew, and entertainment succeeded entertainment. The Viceroy had "a way with him," and it was not only because his mother was one of King Edward's oldest friends that His Majesty on two occasions visited him, while the present Lady Dudley was one of the last to be admitted to the King's presence before his death.

A Wise Move

Yes, decidedly the appointment of Lord Dudley to the Castle at this juncture would be the "slimmest" move the Government could make. It is rumoured that the visit of Queen Alexandra was intended to coincide with the installation of the new Viceroy, for the days of the Aberdeen *régime* are numbered.

In Defence of Mr. Churchill

Mr. Churchill has been at pains to clear himself of Stepney "glory." He didn't take charge; he didn't call up the troops; he didn't order the Fire Brigade; he did nothing, apparently, but just go there and (according to the little syndicate of Press detractors) display gallantry and reckless disregard for his own safety. I trust Mr. Churchill will, in due course, clear himself of the latter grave charge. The whole "policy" of Stepney being to save the spilling of "British blood," are we to believe that the Home Secretary wantonly risked his own? I trust not; I believe not. And, by way of clearing Mr. Churchill from the charge, I republish on this page the famous photograph of himself as others saw him on the fatal day. From this, it will be seen that Mr. Churchill, apparently, was by no means so unmindful of the serious risks he ran as his detractors would suggest.

The Earl of Pembroke (right) making the most of the last days of the shooting season at Wilton, his lordship's seat near Salisbury

Lest We Forget Ourselves

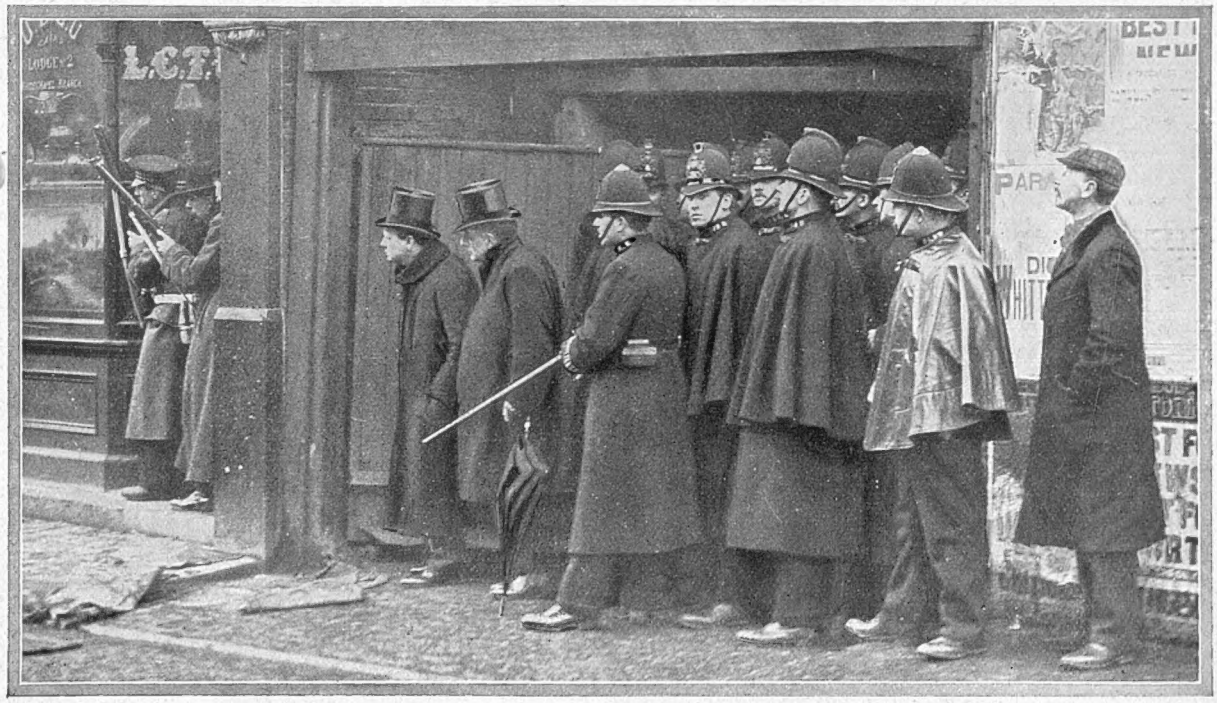
The Press allusions are, no doubt, in anticipation of the attacks that are feared in Parliament. Is it really to be supposed that the chivalrous Opposition will seek to make party capital out of the affair? It is true that part of the Limehouse campaign was to attack the personal reputations of Tory pro-Consuls, but it would be unthinkable that a Liberal Minister should be accused of "muddling the affairs of Mile End," or "converting a Paradise into a blackened wilderness" as though he were a mere Curzon or Milner.

The Rift in the Lute

The rift in the Ministerial lute will be over that Preamble of the Parliament Bill. The "Rads" are already intriguing to get rid of it, and thus to defeat the "Whigs" who got it there. Will Messrs. Grey, Haldane and Co. stand it much longer?

Gloomy Diplomats

Our foreign affairs expert wears, just now, a longer face than at any time since the Bosnian upset. "Bagdad," he says, gloomily, "means business." Germany, having "nobbled" Russia, has now turned her eagle eye on France and England, to secure their blessing on the German pronunciation of that blessed word Mesopatamia. Will the *Entente* stand firm? A further collapse, in the face of shining armour, would be the beginning of the end of Britain's world-power. My friend believes Sir Edwa d Grey realises this. But he is, as usual, held back by his Peace-at-any-price colleagues.



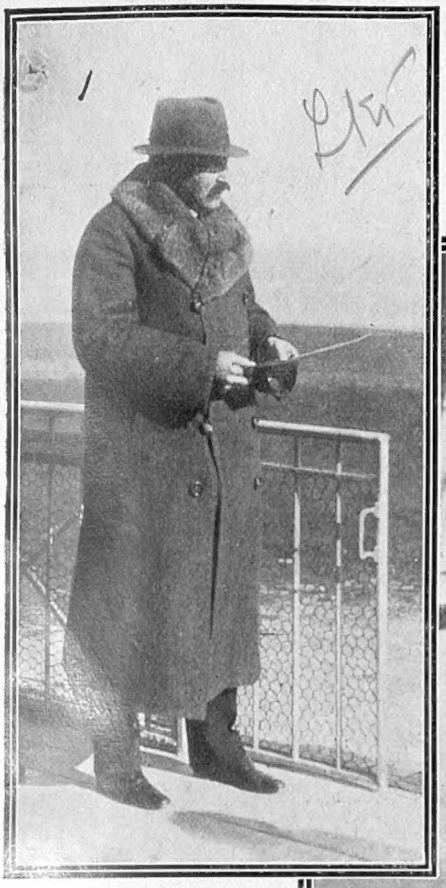
TO CLEAR MR. CHURCHILL OF A SERIOUS CHARGE

Mr. Churchill

A Famous Photograph Republished

In view of the charges against the Home Secretary that, at Sidney Street, he "recklessly exposed himself to the danger of being shot," while taking "active charge of the operations against the enemy," we regard it as our duty to republish the above well-known photograph, which tells its own graphic tale

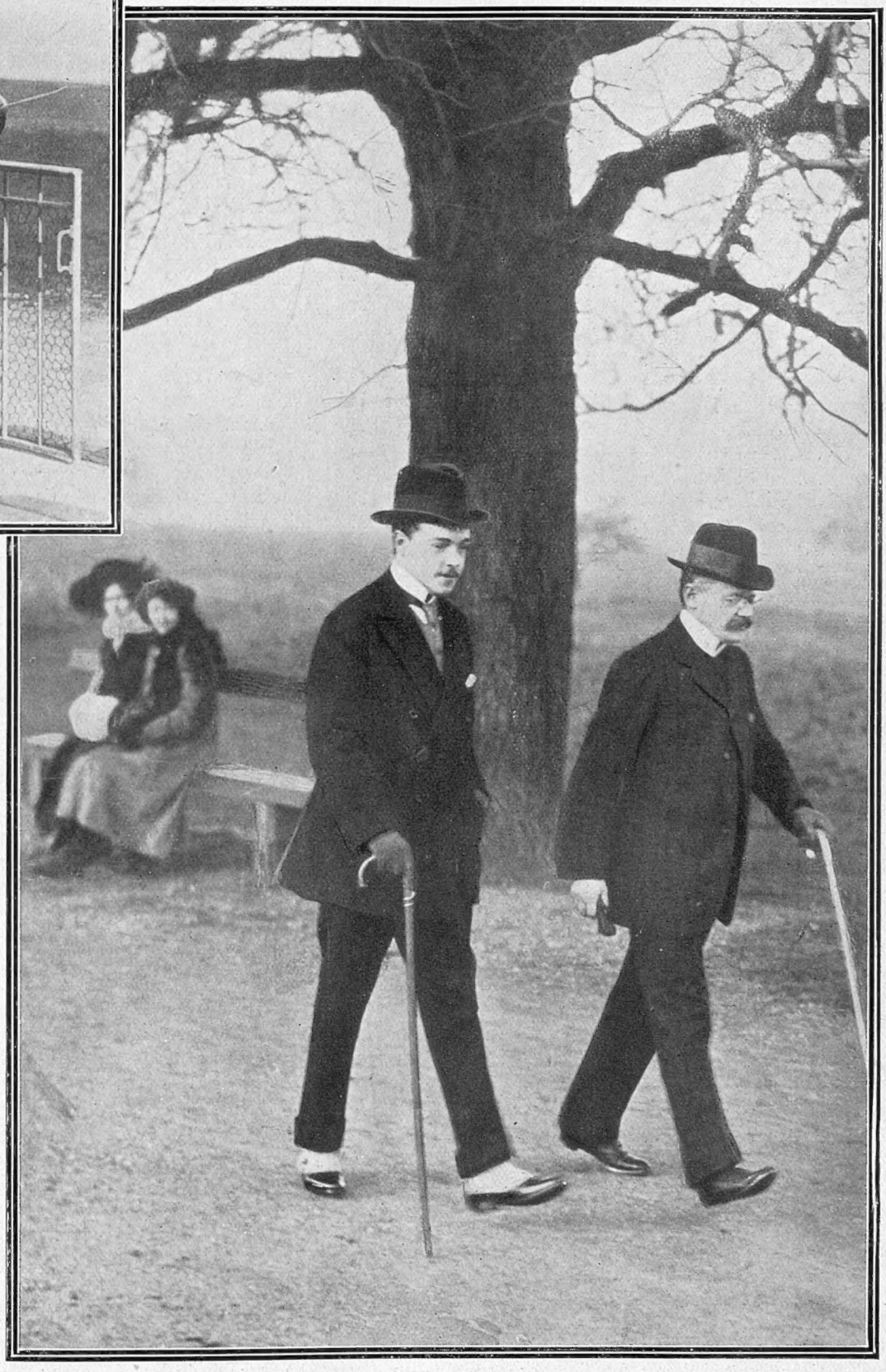
Manoel Walks Out— While Miguel Walks In?



Dom Miguel of Braganza

Portuguese Pretender, who is awaiting a "call" to the vacant throne. He is fifty-seven and the son of the late Miguel of Braganza

While Manoel, ex-King of Portugal, walks in Richmond Park, the Pretender to the Portuguese throne contemplates walking into the vacant kingship. The recent strikes in Portugal have led to a chaotic situation, and the Pretender, in an interview, has declared he has no doubt the present régime would soon come to an end, and that, as Manoel's return was inconceivable, he awaited the "call" of the Portuguese people. If wanted, he would be ready, etc., etc. Miguel is the son of the late Miguel of Braganza, and was born at Kleinheubach in Austria on Sept. 16, 1853. He is fifty-seven. No doubt Austria, and also Germany, would view with great sympathy a Braganza restoration. Perhaps they are behind it?



THE SAD-EYED EXILE TAKES A STROLL IN RICHMOND PARK

(Not unnoticed, it will be observed, by fair denizens of the locality)

Royalties' Reading

An ingenious correspondent endeavours to insinuate that the present Court is not so unbiassed in its political colour as some people would like to think. His way of proving this is to give me the names of the newspapers read by the family. The King has the *Times* and the Queen the *Daily Telegraph*, and in the Queen-Dowager's household the *Daily Mirror* is taken for Her Majesty, who is no reader, and the *Daily Graphic* for Princess Victoria. Not much of a show for the other side, certainly; but is that not the fault of the "other side"? The Ministry has, in the Capital, some very smart and entertaining organs, but not one that is solid and judicial. In the provinces it has its *Manchester Guardian* and *Liverpool Post*. In London, it only *had* its *Tribune*.

Photograph *Rita Martin*

The Hon. Venetia Baring

Daughter of Lord Ashburton, appointed Maid-of-Honour to the Queen

The Flight of Mr. Balfour

So chilly and draughty is the Unionist atmosphere at the moment, that I hear Mr. Balfour started sneezing the moment he reached London from Scotland last week. One of those colds—the usual *sangfroid*, as Smith minor put it—seemed imminent, so the right honourable gentleman, taking no risks, flew off without a moment's delay to the Sunny South, leaving his devoted followers groping in a not unaccustomed fog, illumined only now and again by sparks from a smouldering that seems particularly likely to burst into flame in the neighbourhood of St. Stephen's Chambers, S.W.

A Suggestion

It is said that a new Chief Agent is wanted, that Mr. Percival Hughes does not—just think of it—does not, as a matter of fact, know quite enough about motor-cars to be altogether satisfactory. For elections, we all know, are lost or won by—motors, enough motors or too few motors, as the case may be. What about Mr. Stenson Cooke, of the Automobile Association, or Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, who could do the repairing while you wait? And, as understrappers, a corps of chauffeurs who would, when it came to the scratch, kindly lend their masters' cars for the occasion.

The Cadogan Marriage

The news of Lord Cadogan's marriage at the age of seventy-five to his second cousin in Italy last week came as a shock to Society at large and the family in particular. Lord Cadogan is, of course, one of London's biggest landlords. He generally winters in Italy, where the new Lady Cadogan, who is very many years her husband's junior, has spent her life, not yet having been seen in English Society.

Photograph *Lafayette*

Miss Edith Mary Chichester

Fourth daughter of the late Admiral Sir Edward Chichester, who is to marry Mr. C. S. Bine Renshaw, son of Sir C. Bine Renshaw, on January 26

Photograph *Sport and General*

Captain the Hon. and Mrs. Claude Chichester

The eldest son of Lord and Lady Templemore, and his bride (*née* the Hon. Clare Wingfield, sister of Viscount Powerscourt). The marriage took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, on the 10th inst.

Noble Bridegrooms

"Lords galore!" as the *Family Reader* would say, are disregarding the *Punch* maxim next month and taking unto themselves wives. Among them, only one, Lord Decies, is adding to our American heiress supply, the others—Lord Worsley, who is marrying the newly married Lord Vivian's sister, and Lord Linlithgow, who is to marry Miss Milner—being satisfied with English brides. Two more peers whose engagements are announced are the twenty-four-year-old Lord Gort, owner of East Cowes Castle, and the very nearly septuagenarian, Lord St. John of Bletsoe.

Also Brides

Fair maidens whose weddings have been arranged with the object of "getting it over before Lent" include, among many others, the Lady Violet Manners, whose wedding is, of course, to be of the picturesque variety; Lady Edina Conyngham, who is marrying Lady Massereene's brother; Lady Mabel Anson; and Miss Eva Bruce, sister-in-law of the erstwhile Camille Clifford.

On the Right Side of Grandpapa

THE VERY LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE KAISER, WITH LITTLE PRINCE WILHELM

Prince Wilhelm is the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Germany, now touring in the East. He will, in the ordinary course, one day occupy the throne of his illustrious grandfather. This latest portrait shows how Time is dealing with the Emperor at the age of fifty-two

Whose Tastes Shall He Satisfy?

HORRIBLE PREDICAMENT OF "THE BYSTANDER'S" SHORT STORY EDITOR

The above has been irreverently sent into this office by an artist conversant with the editorial atmosphere of the past week, when the occupant of the chair has been in close communication with his various readers on the subject of what sort of short story is really suitable for his columns. The above are not, of course, faithful portraits of correspondents —only caricatures of some of those the artist suspects to be among them

SEX and the SHORT STORY

Some Opinions of Famous Authors

[The Editor invited the opinions of many eminent writers on the question: How far is it necessary for art or for popular interest that a short story should contain a "love" or a "sex" interest? Below is a selection.]

MR. H. G. WELLS

You raise a very interesting question. The Short Story with which your discussion deals is evidently not the short story as it is understood abroad and by such English masters as Henry James, Conrad, Frank Harris, or Arnold Bennett. *That* short story runs to an average length of 10,000 words, perhaps, and may reach a length of thirty or forty thousand, and within such limits very many things are possible. But your question deals with a severer and more limited form, which is specially adapted to the needs of the newspaper and the illustrated weekly and monthly magazines, the Very Short Story of six thousand words or less (preferably less). It is time criticism began to distinguish the new variety and recognise its peculiar needs and virtues. The art of the Very Short Story is an art by itself; it has something akin to the early wood-engraving, to cameo-cutting, or miniature painting, in the severe limitation of its scope and means. It gives no time for the creation of atmosphere, the preparation of emotion, the development of either situation or character; it hits with a clean, hard brightness of impact—or it does not hit; it is a surprise, an idea, a suggestion, a simple vivid effect, and it is over. Its distinctive qualities are invention and quick-wittedness. Every really good Very Short Story is an inspiration. Now, the proper treatment of love, or nearly any sort of sexual emotion that may be used in a story, seems to me to demand a preliminary development of personality and of intimacy between the reader and the characters whose feelings are to be brought to a crisis that the distinctive limitations of the Very Short Story absolutely prohibit. The utmost the form permits is a sexual "situation," in which an entirely conventional Husband, Wife, and Third Person clash. Since none of these can be made individual or warmly real in the time at the writer's disposal, the effect is almost always a vulgar effect; one resents being brought into the affairs of such utterly commonplace people. There is no reason, and consequently one feels it is altogether wanton and indecent, that a Third Person of no distinction should be preferred to a Husband or Wife of equal indistinctiveness. Consequently the sexual "situation" is the last refuge of the uninventive Very-Short-Story writer. The most successful Very-Short-Story writers rarely resort to it. The commonest method of our more successful Very-Short-Story writers is the invention of a vividly illuminating anecdote, an adventure essentially, and very rarely a "sexual" one, which suggests backgrounds and vistas rather than actually supplies them. Take Kipling, E. Nisbet, Arthur Morrison, or Jacobs as examples of perfect mastery of this form, and note how rarely they use the tripod "situation" theme. The obscure, on the other hand, seem to use nothing else.

H. G. Wells

MR. A. E. W. MASON

Your policy must be right. To limit the theme of short stories to love affairs would be, in my opinion, to destroy altogether the short story as a form of literature, though some great stories of a short kind, dealing with the eternal subject, have been written by great authors like Balzac and Dickens. There is no doubt that they are not short stories as we are inclined to understand the phrase to-day. They are for the most part condensed novels, and had such a system been general we should have lost practically every short story that Stevenson wrote. As we understand the short story, it should be like a jewel, polished and finished, and yet a thing with hidden fires. Some note of suggestion should be at the heart of it. It should deal either with some incident of meaning, or illustrate some significant character, and although a love story has its place, it must be something more than a love scene if it is to be anything more than a rather commonplace short story. Looking back on the short stories one remembers, certain ones of Hawthorne and Stevenson, and others of Oscar Wilde, leap into one's mind, but amongst those which have an abiding place in my memory the love story does not figure.

A. E. W. Mason

MR. H. RIDER HAGGARD

In my opinion it is not at all necessary that a short story should contain a sex interest. Generally speaking, moreover, such a story is not suitable to the development of such an interest. When it comes to long stories the matter is somewhat different, as the great majority of readers, especially of women readers, expect that a novel should tell of at least one "love" affair, and reject books in which this is lacking. The reason for this is, of course, to be sought in the fundamental deeps of human nature. Unfortunately, also, the "love" demanded is all of one kind. Thus, although that of the parent for the child, or of the friend for the friend, is often far more beautiful, it does not make the same appeal. Still, as I have reason to know, successful books may be written that deal solely, or almost solely, with other matters, only then their authors must expect to find them spoken of with some contempt as "boys' books."

H. Rider Haggard

MR. SILAS K. HOCKING

On the general question I am quite at one with "Saunterer." There is plenty of scope for the short story—and the long story too, for that matter—without going into the details of illicit passion. The Divorce Courts furnish more than sufficient. The story-writer has practically the whole gamut of emotions at his command—the wide field of human experience, the limitless province of possible and impossible adventure, and the whole realm of historical and scientific discovery; hence he cannot complain of lack of material. To say that illicit passion exists is nothing to the point; so do sewers and cesspools and other unpleasant things, but that is no reason why they should be paraded. "A '*love*' or a '*sex*' interest" is by no means the same thing. A love interest, of course, presupposes sex, but a sex interest need not, and often does not, presuppose love. The two things must be kept distinct in any discussion. Art as art, it seems to me, has nothing to say on the question. As for popular interest, I plump for an element of love in the story. The love interest is perennial and immortal. The world is always young, and while young men and maidens exist the love story will be sought after and read.

Silas K. Hocking

CHARLES SYKES.

SIR GILBERT PARKER

Much as I wish to oblige you, I cannot go into your question further than to say that the men who have succeeded most in commanding the approval of readers of fiction have depended least, not most, on the "Love Interest"—Kipling and Stevenson, are two of them.

Gilbert Parker

MME. SARAH GRAND

Surely any legitimate subject might be made admirable in a short story. As a matter of fact, however, the short stories that first come to mind when this question is asked are not those which deal with the relations of the sexes. It is only with an effort that I remember that Mr. Galsworthy has treated the subject once or twice; it is his other work which has made the most lasting impression; and so also with Brete Harte, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and Mr. Algernon Blackwood. It may be that the subject in all its varieties is very hackneyed, but there is also evidence that it has rarely drawn from writers their best work, and the general effect of a "love interest" in a good short story is apt to be insipid when it is not intrusive.

Sarah Grand

MR. W. T. STEAD

As it is not necessary that short stories should be written, neither is it necessary that they should contain either a "love," "sex," or any other interest. If, however, short stories are written, there is no antecedent necessity in the nature of things that they should contain any "love" or "sex" interest, but as men and women are constituted, the writers of stories, whether short or long, will find it difficult to compensate for the absence of the one universal interest. I do not speak from the point of view of art, upon which I cannot profess to speak with any authority, but solely from the point of view of popular interest. You may leave anything out of a good short story you like so long as the dramatic and human interest survives. But to every nine readers out of ten and every ninety-nine writers out of one hundred it is much easier to bring in the dramatic human interest by the road of love and sex than by any other. You discriminate between love and sex problems. All love problems are sex problems, but sex problems are often by no means based upon love or anything that can be called love, without profaning that word. There is nothing higher or more divine in the world than sex, neither is there anything more debased and demoralising than the abuse of sex. When I read some of the books dealing with what is called the sex problem I am reminded of Antiochus Epiphanes, who profaned the Holy of Holies by offering a pig on the altar of Jehovah.

W. T. Stead

MR. E. TEMPLE THURSTON

Surely a short story should contain just so much and no more of character and incident as go to make it a perfect whole. There is no standpoint of art or of popular interest which should decide upon any other matters than those. It is just as impossible for a writer to write always of *sex* as it is impossible for him to write always of ivory Madonnas. Art has no standpoint upon anything but itself, and popular interest, for the writer, should have no standpoint at all.

E. Temple Thurston

MR. FRANK RICHARDSON

I consider that if an author cannot introduce a whisker-interest into a short story he might—in order to make a living—do his best to introduce some sort of love interest. But love interests are played out since the days of Romeo and Juliet (curiously eccentric Italians).

Frank Richardson

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS

There are many authentic masterpieces in this sort that contain no word of love or sex. While these subjects lead to the greatest themes, a perfect short story may none the less be made out of a wooden leg, or a battered snuff-box, or the tip of a mummy's nose—if you can write it.

1. Art, then, demands neither love nor sex to satisfy its requirements.

2. "The popular interest" probably prefers lower themes, and would rather see havoc made of the Sixth and Eighth Commandments than of the Seventh. And this, not so much on the ground of morals, but because theft and murder are more entertaining to the half-educated mind than passion.

Eden Phillpotts

MR. W. B. MAXWELL

I do not think that there can be any necessity, either from the point of view of art or of popular inclination, to include a love interest in every short story. Certainly the most successful writers of short stories have not held themselves bound by any such convention. One recalls excellent stories—without a whisper of love in them—by Balzac, Guy de Maupassant, Tolstoy, Bret Harte, Conan Doyle, etc., etc. But, no doubt, writers of less strength do suffer under the firm belief that love must sooner or later be introduced into every work of fiction, however short; and you will be rendering them a great kindness if you can relieve them of this obligation. You will, I think, also earn the gratitude of readers. Speaking as a reader, I can truly say that I have felt discomfort from the violent wrench with which the love interest is sometimes dragged in at the very last moment. For instance, when one reaches the end of a stirring tale of adventure: "And the accomplice of the robbers; what of her? Reader, the masked lady who held the revolver to my head that night, and hissed those cruel threats in my ear, now sits by my side while I write these lines. Glancing over my shoulder, she smiles at the last words, saying:

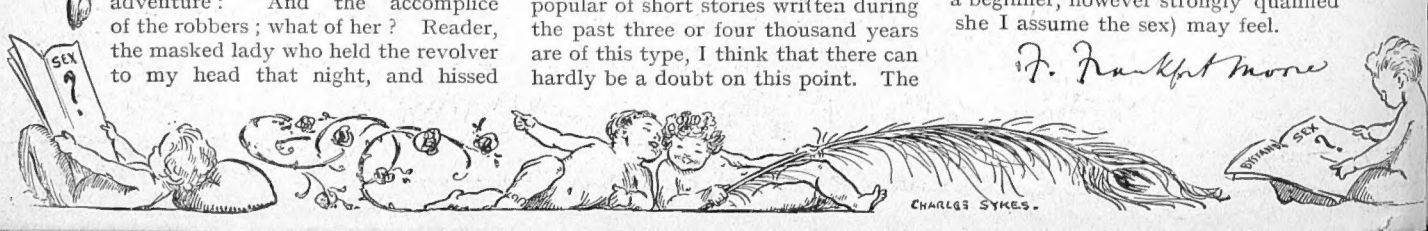
'What a booby you were not to know that I fell in love with you at first sight.' And I suppose I was."

W. B. Maxwell

MR. F. FRANKFORT MOORE

A short story is, in my opinion, the legitimate medium for dealing with a single episode and the more episodical it is the more artistic it is. It should convey to the readers a sense of the narrator's having just escaped from the scene, and being breathless in consequence, so that he tells it in gasps, and with no scrupulous attention to grammar. Of course, only a murder or a burglary or a suicide can form the inspiration of such a story, so that its range is somewhat restricted; but I am convinced that this is the only sort of story that appeals to all classes of readers, and as the most popular of short stories written during the past three or four thousand years are of this type, I think that there can hardly be a doubt on this point. The stories containing what is termed by the trade "love interest" serve well enough as a foil for these silhouettes of criminology; but as they appeal mostly to the kitchen and the scullery—the apartments where it appears to me most reading is done in a modern household—"love interest" cannot be treated negligently, if popularity is to be achieved. I am not quite sure what are the elements of a "sex" story; but if they include such episodes as a wife running away from her husband with another man, they do not make for popularity, unless the husband is shown to be both a brute and (at least) a baronet. No magazine reader could possibly be expected to take an interest in such an act unless the scene is laid in Mayfair or the more expensive parts of South Kensington. The best advice to a beginner is to deal with the higher forms of crime, combined with a simple love story, and to play for a happy ending. Problems of sex, as I understand the phrase, should not be so much as hinted at by a beginner, however strongly qualified she I assume the sex) may feel.

F. Frankfort Moore



MR. W. L. COURTNEY

Editor of the "Fortnightly Review," and Literary Editor of the "Daily Telegraph"

The question is not very easy to answer because of the vague meaning which we attach to the words "love interest" and "sexual problem." In the broadest sense, nearly all the great stories of the world deal with a love interest, and equally deal with the sexual question.

There is, however, a special kind of story very much in vogue just now, dealing with the forbidden relations of married people. Here the issue is quite plain. There is no reason in the world why the writer of short stories should concentrate his attention solely on infractions of the Seventh Commandment. This can only be a passing fashion of the moment, though possibly a fashion which has come down to us from the time when the so-called "problem" plays and novels were the talk of the hour. From the standpoint of art, of course, the issue is clearer still. As I take it, the short story should reflect every kind and variety of life interest, and there is no reason whatsoever why the other powerful passions of humanity should not have as much attention paid to them as the passion of love. The case reminds me somewhat of what befell the well-known French play, *Nos Intimes*. In the French, a too good-natured and simple-minded man is robbed, and cheated, and mocked by his friends, and, among other things, one of them makes love to his wife. In the English version, entitled *Peril*, the making love to the wife is turned into the sole theme of the play.

Unfortunately, from the other point of view—that is, of popular interest—the prevailing tendency undoubtedly seems to lay a burden upon the novelist. The most popular stories—or, at all events, those which appear to be the most popular—are always concerned more or less intimately with sexual sins, especially, perhaps, stories and novels which are written for consumption by the upper classes. But here the remedy lies largely in the hands of the novelists themselves. If they can give us interesting narratives dealing with the wide range of topics included in human life, and bring interests other than sexual "home to our business and bosoms," the result on novelistic literature will be distinctly beneficial, and a great many readers will breathe a sigh of relief.

But, of course, novelists will never get very far away from a love interest, as such, any more than the dramatist. For love stories form nearly seven-eighths of human existence. I take it, however, that your question deals not with the love story as such, but rather with a particular kind of love story, and I can only congratulate you that in the stories you have published during the past year you have managed so successfully to keep away from the less reputable theme.

[*Further letters received subsequently to the above from other well-known men of letters will be published next week.*—EDITOR.]

Opinions of "Bystander" Readers

A SELECTION: AUTHORS PLEASE PERUSE

The letters published below are those considered by the Editor to be the best contributions to the discussion in the abstract, as distinct from letters intended more particularly for his personal guidance. The latter, however, he most cordially acknowledges, and has given to them his closest attention

A MILITARY COMMAND

Always enjoy your short stories. Many are good, some indifferent, none are bad. The thing I like is that there's no d——d nonsense about them. You call a spade a spade. It's when an author starts using euphemisms that his story shakes off the safe track. The trouble—which began in Eden—is "wrapping up." Tell the Truth, Sir, and there's only one person of consequence you're likely to shame.—Second-Lieut. A., Colchester.

A DEFENCE OF LOVE INTEREST

"Saunterer" complains that your short stories depend almost entirely for their effect upon the one theme—Sex—forgetting (1) that women are the chief readers of fiction as they are the chief support of the playwright; (2) that women are really and truly interested in matters of sex only; (3) that the demand creates the supply.

Let us suppose that your authors did write of other things than Love; of war, as "Saunterer" suggests, or science, or art, or politics, or diplomacy. Who would read them? Not women certainly, nor men either, I wager; and readers, after all, are, I suppose, your chief desideratum?

The whole art of literature is, of course, first to see the truth, then to tell it, and last to tell it beautifully. But is the short story literature? Is it not rather journalism—a very different matter? And is not the whole art of journalism to give the public what it wants?

The one essential, therefore, is to fix upon a subject that will appeal to all and each of these, and what more obvious choice than Love.

The relationship of the sexes, illicit or otherwise, is a sop of which Cerberus will never tire. He knows better, the gay old dog, for, after all, even in Hades, you know, you must keep up your circulation!—HUMAN NATURE.

PLACE AUX DAMES!

I was very glad to see the letter of "Saunterer" in your paper this week, and cordially agree with all he says. I have taken THE BYSTANDER for some years, but I long ago came to the conclusion that the short stories were not meant for family reading. There are three ladies in the house, and they all like your paper, and think it is so bright and interesting, but they have the same opinion as I have regarding the story. I now make a point of reading the story before I let the ladies have the paper. The paper is sufficiently attractive without any story, and why you put any story in at all I do not know.—FRANCIS HENDERSON, Dunlop House, Dunlop, Ayrshire.

THE "YOUNG PERSON" SPEAKS OUT!

As one of the "young persons" (aged sixteen) whose morals are supposed to be studied by short-story writers, may I say that mine, at all events, have never suffered by reading your candid stories of real life. My own parents have never attempted to supervise my reading, and the result is that I know what there is to know about the world, and shall, therefore, be able to look after myself when I go out into it. Nearly all the miserable marriages I've heard of (including those of some of my own relations) have been caused by girls being ignorant of the plain facts of life. Through reading insipid novels and stories sanctioned by their parents they have got to look on men as either heroes or villains, instead of, as they all are, a little bit of both. Your stories show human nature in its raw state, and from reading them I have learned to look below the surface and to form my own opinions as to whom to trust and not to trust. I trust, Sir, you will not allow your discretion to be influenced by consideration for the "young person," who has changed altogether from what she was in the days of Mr. Podsnap.—PHŒBE (North Kensington).

A CRITICISM FROM FRANCE

I seldom read with pleasure and even often "skip" in your paper the short story. Not that I agree with "Saunterer" as to your abuse of the one theme—Sex; in fact, with the four exceptions you mention I think your stories can be put into the hands of any girl rightly minded and not over-stupid.

THE BYSTANDER, not being a Girl's Own, and myself no relation of Sénateur Béranger or of your noble Censor, I really don't see why I should not hope without shame often to see Love, legitimate or not, in those pages, as that subject, when delicately treated, deeply felt, and well expressed, is always pleasant to me as a reading topic.

No, the reason why the short stories fail to interest me comes, I think, from the fact that their authors, forgetting what little space is allotted for their development, choose subjects that, to be well treated, would need the generous hospitality of a 6s. edition.

The French call a short story a "nouvelle," just a little piece of news of scandal or of gossip spread out in three pages; and if Maupassant's and Bourget's are masterpieces it is not due so much to the originality or depth of the subject as to the delicate way it is treated and the perfect purity of the language.

The success of those stories of issues of April 6, June 1, and July 20 confirm me in the belief that I am not mistaken.—M. A., Villa Rosalie, La Seyne S/mer, Var.

SHOULD MINORITIES SUFFER?

To the vast majority of your readers, stories of the kind attacked by "Saunterer" are perfectly harmless, but for the sake of the small minority, who might possibly be harmed by their reading, isn't it rather pointless to introduce them into a paper that is usually so brilliantly witty and amusing?

A confectioner might possibly dupe the most innocent into believing that a piece of dirt, cleverly wrapped up in silver paper, were a chocolate cream, but the majority would doubtless fling it away disgusted and for evermore avoid the shop at which it was purchased.—SETON MALCOLM, Pulborough, R.S.O., Sussex.

ARE WE MAD?

For the Lord's sake don't listen to these idiotic prudes. THE BYSTANDER yarns are ripping as they are, and I take it your paper is meant for men and women of the world. If you let this ——(noun suppressed.—ED.) "Saunterer" have his way, there won't be a paper left in England that avoids "slops." It's a ghastly nuisance writing this, but I had to push in my vote. All the men in my mess-room think you've gone mad.—CAPTAIN OF SAPPERS.

SOULS BESMIRCHED HERE

Every action has its effect, either for good or evil. Every time you publish an immodest tale you soil and besmirch the souls of several innocent people. What you call reality is anything but reality. Your stories tell of evil men and women, and create the impression that all the world is evil. Nothing, Sir, could be more pernicious.—A. F., North Walsham.

THE DARK SPOT

I fully endorse "Saunterer's" criticism on your short stories, and am personally very grateful to him that he has taken the trouble to write to you on this subject. I have taken THE BYSTANDER for some time, and take two copies weekly, as I send them abroad. I think the paper is a delightful one, barring the short stories. I enjoy "Jingle" immensely.—HOPE.

AN ELOQUENT PLEA

I also write as an "occasional" reader of THE BYSTANDER, and, therefore, feel that I am in a position to criticise "Saunterer's" remarks. Whenever I go by train I never fail to purchase a BYSTANDER, and my sons never return home for their holidays without bringing your paper tucked under their arm. For years I have read your journal at these short intervals, and I remember only once feeling disapproval of the short story contained therein. This story was a tale of trouble, falling upon two families, on account of the respective husbands (who were also brothers) falling in love with a woman altogether outside the family. The author appears to wish to point out the fact that want of charity on the part of one of the wives is as great or a greater sin than unfaithfulness on her husband's side.

There is, I think, no doubt that such stories tend to lower the ideals of those who read them.

To those of us who have fought life's battle, it can do no good to fix our eyes on others rolling in the mud; our glance should be upward.

"Saunterer" suggests that in reply to his criticisms the answer possibly given him by the Editor and his authors would be that "legitimate love affairs have been done to death," and no longer interest the public. I can't imagine this for one moment, as if so—how is it that novelists such as "Jane Austen," Sir Walter Scott, and Dickens are to-day read with as much zest as ever? No, if a well-written love affair seems dull nowadays, it is because we, as a nation, are forgetting how to fall in love. We are becoming so cautious, calculating, and materialistic that the heart is withering, and the head is swelling to an abnormal degree, and the sooner we all recover from "swelled heads" the better! We surely read books and magazines for two reasons—recreation and information. The question is, are we satisfactorily

CHARLES SYKES.

supplied with this physical and mental refreshment in the present-day novels dealing with sex relations? In order to supply this need, a book must be well written, describe real character, and contain noble thoughts; nowadays if we pick up a novel haphazard, are we likely to find these attributes? — Susan H. R. Owen (Mrs.), Edgbaston Vicarage, Birmingham.

LEAVE SEX ALONE?

From his cradle man has a natural tendency towards imitation—a tendency which, unless he is very strong-minded, does not decrease as he grows older, and so, human nature being what it is, there can be little doubt that stories dealing with illicit sexual relations do more harm than good. But that does not necessarily mean that criticism must be entirely adverse.

You cannot exterminate disease merely by ignoring its presence, neither can you eradicate social evils simply by driving them underground. It would be as inaccurate to affirm that stories dealing with sex problems are wholly harmful as to say that illicit relationships usually make for the happiness of the individuals concerned. A knowledge of the inconveniences—to put it quite mildly—liable to result from such relationships may have the effect of keeping many on the straight road. The proof of the pudding—if you eliminate the sense of smell—is in the eating, but few of us have any objection, in doubtful cases, to the proving process being carried out at the expense of digestive organs other than our own. If indigestion results, the wise man turns his attention elsewhere. Those who do not agree with "Saunterer" may also argue it to be a pity that, in books, only the man who marries should be considered to be a satisfactory hero, whereas, in real life, if a hero at all, he usually ceases to be one as soon as the marriage ceremony has been performed.

Relations of some sort with the opposite sex form part of the lives of most of us, and even those few to whom this rule does not apply seem ready enough to read of such experiences happening to others; but it would be a positive relief to some of us if the reading public could be educated round to a different point of view.

I make no doubt, Sir, that your originality would not be overtaxed were you to constitute yourself the medium of such education by publishing throughout a whole year a series of stories leaving sex problems and relationships of every description and intensity entirely alone; but whether The Bystander, escaping thus from hide-bound tradition—which, by the way, is not by any means confined to Christmas pantomimes—would meet with the general approval of its readers, is, it must be confessed, doubtful.—E. J. Lewis, "The Downs," Bishopston, Lewes.

CERTAINLY NOT!

I have read The Bystander regularly for two or three years, and consider it a very smart and entertaining weekly. Its short stories are almost invariably most readable, full of wit and originality, and the subjects treated—as the Editor has pointed out—range over a very wide area. The fact that so many different authors contribute them makes for variety of style and ideas. The countries where the plots are laid "range o'er the world from China to Peru." I am glad to say that I do not find many referring to breaches of the Seventh Commandment. The reader of The Bystander is wise enough to know that the public get more than enough of that subject in the daily papers, and do not desire to find it in the pages of a weekly intended for family reading. Every parent knows how The Bystander appeals to the young people, and no parent worthy the name will take the risk of having his child's mind contaminated. That love stories should occur often is only natural, for "the old, old story" is ever new, and always interesting. Love never attacks two persons in quite the same way, and every author has his—or her—conception of it. Give us plenty of love stories, Mr. Editor, I say.

Your correspondent has either been very unfortunate in getting the few numbers of your paper which have contained rather "risqué" tales, or else he confuses love with lust, and should give up reading stories!

The tale by J. S. Fletcher in your last issue is a fine specimen of a Bystander story. The creator of "Mr. Poskitt" has given us a wonderful study of a soulless woman, with the face of an angel, and the morals of a monkey. The story of her taming, and the unexpected "happy ending," make excellent reading. Go on giving your readers original, varied stories by the best writers, and you need not lie awake at nights over the stray grumbles of your readers. — James A. Richards, 10, Park Road, Tenby.

A MEDICAL TESTIMONIAL TO "THE BYSTANDER"

I have read every issue of The Bystander, and, therefore, every short story, during the last five years, and accordingly believe that I am competent to essay the task I have put myself to do.

Firstly, I consider that the synopsis of the stories which you published is a very fair one, and, what is even more important, it is a very good example of what the stories have been all the time I have been a subscriber to the paper.

Secondly, I hold that any time that "illicit love" has been the pervading topic of a story it has been treated in a way that was calculated to do more good than harm, no matter how young and unsophisticated the reader were.

I have studied the question of sexual psychology a good deal, and I am quite convinced that it is a subject which is kept far too much in the background in this country, both in fiction and in scientific literature. Before one can deal with any disease one must get to the root of it so that the artificial amblyopia which the "absolutely pure in mind" adopt towards this subject must, to my mind, do a great deal of harm.

Of course, everyone realises that there is a vast amount of literature which deals with sex questions in an obscene manner, and which is, therefore, extremely dangerous, except to the scientific mind, but the growing tendency is to describe transgressions of the moral code in a more dramatic manner, and thoroughly to expose and condemn the gloomier aspects of the sexual life.

I might, with advantage, quote what an eminent German authority has said about this: "There is no ground whatever for regarding the widespread discussion of sexual problems in modern literature as a stigma of degeneration—in this respect our literature is merely a mirror of our time; and its tendencies indicate very, very clearly the emergence of a new, earnest, and more profound conception of the sexual relations between man and woman."

I think that this dictum of Iwan Bloch is quite sufficient to substantiate my argument and to justify, if it were necessary, the inclusion of a goodly proportion of the stories taken exception to by "Saunterer" among the highly entertaining and educative series which form such a noteworthy feature of your pages.—Medicus, Old Castle Gate, Banff, N.B.

ATTACK ON "SAUNTERER"

The letter of your correspondent, "Saunterer," a patently middle-class person posing as a man of the world, helps one to understand the present poverty of the British drama.

It is such as he, comparatively educated but hopelessly circumscribed, who have dammed all dramatic inspiration into concreted reservoirs of drawing-room comedy or French translations with all the flavour filtered out of them.

Themselves afraid of the greatest fact of life, these conscientiously prurient persons, by whom we allow ourselves to be ruled, would attempt to minimise its importance and, if possible, to cover up its existence altogether. When they have to refer to sex attraction they try and veil it with dictionary terms like "illicit relationships."

It is with love as with war; we are always pretending that (1) the real palpitating thing is rather horrid and impossible; (2) if there is such a thing it is always conducted with the highest decorum and under certain well-defined rules. So much the better for Germany and the Empire (Leicester Square).

So far the Censorship which has given us an emasculated drama has left our books and magazines to a large extent untouched. "Saunterer" and his like would blight them, too.

Of course, sex is the keynote of most of your stories, and of all the best, and whether the attendant circumstances are such as to win the approval of your maiden aunt or not is a question over which neither you nor your readers need lose any sleep.

You are not the editor of a parish magazine, but of an up-to-date weekly for men and women of the world—and, if I may be allowed to say so, the best of its kind.—Country House.

LOVERS NOT UNINTERESTING

"Saunterer" partially answers his own letter. He suggests that you and your authors might reply that legitimate love stories have been done to death, that "Edwin and Angelina, uninteresting in real life to others than themselves, are equally uninteresting in literature." Any editor on reading that could be pardoned a smile.

The true artist, instead of finding Edwin and his beloved one uninteresting, finds them intensely diverting. More, the author who can give us a true picture of them will quickly find a public waiting to receive him with open arms.

As long as the world lasts the loves of Edwin and Angelina will always be written, and always be read. The mistake is that too many writers seem to imagine love is either a raging furnace or a wasting sickness precluding man from his meals. In reality it is a normal instinct inherited from Adam; in youth it sings on the mountain; in old age it lights up the valley. But as in the first garden there was a serpent, so in man's heart there is a strange waywardness, which sometimes causes him to love his neighbour's wife. To hide that truth from ourselves would be as foolish as to make believe that the sun shines warmly in January.

A story written round Brown's misplaced love for Jones's wife may be a brilliant piece of work, true to life, and absolutely moral in its tendency; it's only when it proclaims Brown a hero for bolting with the lady, and his love of the highest form, that its teaching is bad morality.

The "sex story"—an objectionable term with an unsavoury odour—is not popular, and never will be. Editors do not welcome them nor the public desire them; the list of Bystander stories plainly reveals that. But a genuine study of human nature in all its weakness and frailty is another matter. To ignore human nature altogether would be cowardice on the author's part, and show little knowledge of life.

We want stories dealing with every phase and side of life, and if one calmly survey the magazine world, and The Bystander in particular, he will find every side of life touched on.

If stories dealing with the sexes are in the majority it is only natural, for men and women love and marry every day.—Frank King, 157, Greenvale Road, Eltham, Kent.

A CLERICAL CRITICISM

(The Editor desires to draw special attention to the following letter from the Rev. Glenn Dalrymple, Ilam Vicarage, Ashbourne, particularly to its last two paragraphs, which he has italicised.)

"To the pure all things are pure" is a saying more honoured in the breach of the laws of purity than in their observance. One might just as well say that "to the sweet all things are sweet," and then express surprise if some charming Phyllis made a wry face on swallowing some bitter aloes. The fact is that books, just like ordinary articles of everyday life, are what they are made to be. If an author deserves credit for telling in a decent fashion a story dealing with illicit relationships (as did Dickens in writing about "Little Emly" and Steerforth), then he also deserves censure when he deserts this method.

When an author begins to write a story dealing with sex, he should recall Young's warning—

"Chaucer and Fontaine, dying, wished unwrote
The sprightliest effort of their wanton thought.
Does lucre then.
The sacred thirst for gold, betray your pen?"

It is more difficult to give an immoral atmosphere to an innocent subject than it is to treat decently certain problems of real life. If an author, however great his goodwill, has not the skill to deal with these problems decently, he had better leave them alone. Otherwise the obloquy that he may meet with from moral critics will be deserved.

Richardson and Fielding both dealt extensively with the immoral side of life. In the case of the latter we feel ourselves carried on by a fresh healthy breeze. In the case of the former (*pace* certain critics) we feel ourselves to be in a hot atmosphere which almost chokes us.

Zola wrote, as did Defoe, with the intention of making us sick of vice, and he is successful. Anatole France treats virtue with such cynicism that only the magic of his pen makes his books readable. In "La Cousine Bette" we find Balzac make Virtue a pantaloon, Vice a harlequin.

We cannot name English authors, but can think of those who treat sex problems psychologically, as did Flaubert.

The worst "sex story" is that one which disparages virtue. Next to that is the one which decks out sin in the most fascinating dress, accentuating its glamour, and omitting to mention "le réel enlaidi."

I have not seen stories in The Bystander *which would be reckoned in either of these two classes, so am glad that "Saunterer's" censure was couched in such moderate terms.*

—Glenn Dalrymple.

EDITORIAL FOOTNOTE

The Editor tenders his cordial thanks to all his correspondents, whose opinions are so varied that the best way to answer the one is to refer him to the other. This week he begs to excuse himself from any comment of his own. He hopes, meanwhile, that the result of this discussion will be to bring authors and readers into a more direct understanding of each other, to the eternal comfort of THE BYSTANDER between. Further letters, received subsequently to the above, will be published next week, when, also, the winner of the £3 3s. prize to readers will be announced.

A Study in Black and White

"PERMETTEZ-MOI, MA'M'SELLE!"

Is there not a superstition that if a lady meets a chimney-sweep she will have good luck if she embraces him? Surely when the sweep is as courteous as the little fellow in the picture, it is inevitable that the lady will seize the opportunity

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.—"No, Birdie, Peter the Painter is not one of the Post-Impressionists. But we all hope that he will manage to get hung some day."

* * *

CERTAINLY I favour the banding together of the King's Georges. They need not necessarily subscribe for a present to the King, but they could do something to show their goodwill. For example, if every man named George promised not to use the word "Coronation" from now to June, it would be a distinct gain.

* * *

OR, again, every man named George might make some special vow. One George might take a vow not to say "Dukes."

* * *

WERE, however, the Georges to join the Maries in this scheme, a curious link would be formed between them. Each list would contain its Lloyd.

* * *

EVERY effort is going to be made by the authorities to prevent trees along the Coronation route from being spoilt by the crowds. Perhaps the best thing to do would be to hire an intelligent foreigner with an automatic pistol to sit in each tree for the day.

* * *

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER'S statement that acting should take its part in the school curriculum owing to its great educational value seems to have been received with favour by schoolboys in general. But could a boy very well be made to act a Greek irregular verb?

* * *

MONACO has so recently gained its Constitution that the rival political parties have hardly as yet been able to sort themselves out. No doubt they will, however, respect the traditions of the Principality as far as possible, and divide themselves, at any rate to begin with, into Rouges et Noirs.

* * *

IF it be true that "there exists in the heart of Montreal a Cocaine Club, where even children can get the drug," we can only repeat once more that bairns are spoilt nowadays.

* * *

THIS year's horse show will be held "in rural surroundings in the centre of an Elizabethan village. At one end will be an ancient inn with an old-fashioned sign-post, pump, and horse-trough." I should like to see Sir Herbert Tree and Mr. Waller racing their stallions neck-and-neck for the horse-trough.

* * *

ONE of the saddest things about those alien criminals is the evil influence they have on others. Quite respectable Englishmen have been going about lately expressing the most violent sentiments with regard to the Home Secretary, if he does not take up the alien question.

* * *

ONE view of the "Sex and Short Story" Controversy in another place: Sex of one and half a dozen of the other.

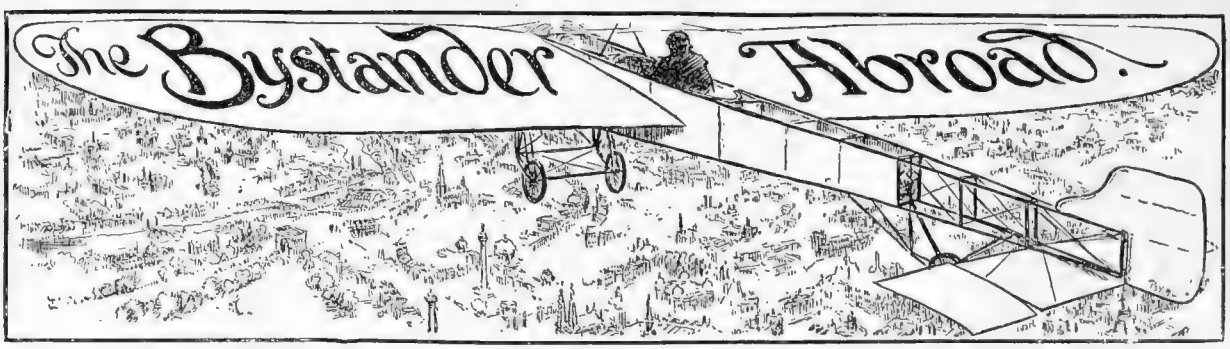
Dame Fashion says the "Harem" Gown
Will be the Season's Rage in Town,
And should you be disposed to wear 'em
Prepare to look a "Harem Scare 'em"

BY LILLIE MARSHALL

Alien Types in London

No. III.—RUSSIANS IN BRICK LANE, WHITECHAPEL

BY NORMAN MORROW



PARIS TOPICS

From Our Own Correspondent

THERE has been much excitement in Paris political circles over the election of the President of the Chamber, as the two candidates, M. Henri Brisson and M. Paul Deschanel, are men who have both important political friends and enemies. M. Deschanel has already been President of the Chamber of Deputies, and an excellent President he was. If he was not re-elected in the following Parliament this was due to an impression that he had become too big for his boots, and had got a liking for a certain refined society supposed to be reactionary and Royalist in its tendencies, if not avowedly so. Not the least important circumstances connected with his fall were his appearance on fashionable occasions, and a portrait of him exhibited in the Salon, in which there was no doubt about the "West End" cut of his garments. The stalwarts of the Republican party were shocked at the spotlessness of his shirt and the silkiness of his lapels. Since then, however, other Republicans have been bitten by a fancy for well-fitting clothes and brilliantly shining top-hats. So M. Deschanel is no longer the only well-dressed Republican in the Chamber, and, in fact, one is struck by the latter-day *chic* of the Deputies. The straight crease in the front of their trousers, which is ironed right up to their waistbands, looks, to the English eye, a little exaggerated, to say the least of it. Probably the increase of salary from £360 to £600 per annum accounts for these "Edward VII." tendencies.

Photograph *Nadar*

M. Paul Doumer

An ex-President of the French Chamber, who has recently been paying important diplomatic visits to the Courts at Vienna and St. Petersburg

Photograph *Petit. Paris*

M. Paul Deschanel

One of the candidates for the Presidency of the French Chamber, eventually secured by M. Henri Brisson. He is a handsome man of many parts, a bachelor, and has been described as the "French Rosebery"

The Houndsditch tragedy is exciting more than ordinary interest here in Paris, where there are as many as 40,000 Russian refugees. One of these Russian revolutionaries once trusted me enough to initiate me into some of the mysteries of their existence. The lady who took me into her confidence was a student of art, and her two colleagues were medical students living in respectable flats near Montparnasse. In the eyes of the watchful police, these women were diligent students, nothing more, and if it had occurred to them at any time to search the flats they could have found no justification for conviction, so cleverly was everything arranged. It was curious to notice that, in spite of their Bohemian habits, many of these refugees are of the best families; the ladies I visited were independent aristocrats who had given their whole fortunes to the cause, and I am sure, unlike the Houndsditch Anarchists, would never turn their experience in the organisation of crime to their own personal advantage. My Russian friend emphatically denied all connection with the Anarchists of London. It would be difficult for them to come to Paris, she told me, because the police supervision is so severe.

THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

From Our Own Correspondent

ONE of the surest indications of German superiority is the absence of that dovelike trust in your fellow-men which in less sophisticated lands leads to Houndsditch and Stepney massacres. The wiser German treats not only undesirable aliens, but also his own desirable compatriots, with unconquerable suspicion. On your day of arrival you are given a cream-coloured "Anmeldeschein" with eleven blank columns, containing thirty-five different questions, all of which must be answered on pain of fine. After working all day at it, you go exhausted to bed, thanking heavens you have now the right to live in Germany. But in this you err. Two days later you get an imperative request to "legitimise" yourself at the police-station. To "legitimise" means to prove that the particulars in the "Anmeldeschein" are true. A passport is taken as evidence. Just as you are preparing to go, a

Well Tried!

PARISIAN PAINTER'S DARING ATTEMPT TO GIVE A PLEASING PRESENTATION OF MLLE. POLAIRE

"Very trying subject to paint" is the comment of Count de Prémio de Réal on Mlle. Polaire, the famous French actress. "She is too spirited to remain in any one position for more than a minute at a time." The Count seems, from the above (exhibited at one of the recent Salons), to have succeeded admirably, Mlle. Polaire's peculiar personality being impressed on one more forcibly by the painter's choice of a statuesque background

tremendously fat, benevolent-looking policeman in gold spectacles asks for your "Abmeldeschein." You gasp. The "Abmeldeschein," he explains, is a police discharge granted to you when you moved from your old address, and you ought not to have left without it. "There are no 'Abmeldescheins' in England," you say. He looks at you incredulously, and lets you go.

At last, you say to yourself, I can now settle down as an honest citizen, and cease to be a suspected burglar. But still three days later you find your mistake. It is a pitchy winter morning, and you sit in an icy bath, conceitedly chuckling at being the only hardy inhabitant of all Berlin. Suddenly a minatory knock comes to the bathroom door. You peer round the door, and see an eighty-inch waist policeman. Shivering with cold and terror, and almost convinced that you really are a notorious burglar, you go to meet him with a propitiatory bow. He says "Guten Morgen," holds up the odious cream-coloured "Anmeldeschein," and says, angrily:

"What is that?"

He points to something utterly illegible which you have entered under the heading "Religionsconfession."

"Protestant," you say with a shiver.

"What is a Protestant?"

"A Protestant . . . a religion. . . ."

"There is no Protestant religion," says Herr Policeman. "Do you mean Evangelical?"

"Yes, Evangelical," you say fearfully.

"Then you are a member of the Prussian State Church."

This dark hint frightens you. Determined to resist all the awful implications of membership of the Prussian State Church, you answer with pretended courage:

"No."

"Then you are a Dissident?"

"No, not exactly."

"I see. If you are not Evangelical or Dissident, then you must be a Roman Catholic."

You are too exhausted to reply. The policeman carefully enters you up as a Roman Catholic, says, "You also forgot to enter your wife's maiden name in the duplicate form; Guten Morgen," and goes.

This time you are absolutely certain that everything is squared up all right. But at 7.30 on the same evening, as you are sitting down to dinner, a policeman sends for you to speak to him in the hall. Convinced that this time it is an affair of handcuffs, you make a forced smile to your wife, and go out quaking to meet your doom. It is the same monumental policeman, and the only new feature is that this time he says: "Guten Abend." There are one or two little things, he explains, which he forgot to refer to during the morning visit, and he apologises for the trouble. You answer, "Yes, Herr Inspector." At this, his broad face widens into a benevolent self-complacent smile, and henceforth you get on admirably with him. Your blunders, it appears, are (1) filling up the column headed "Statescitizenship" with the word "englische," whereas it should be "grossbrittanische," and (2) neglecting to answer three of the different questions asked in column eleven: "Whether living in your own apartment or lodging, if so, with whom; and whether it is in a sub-let apartment, or in a sleeping-place, or in service; also whether it is in a front house, or a side-wing, or a back-house, etc.; also whether you live in the cellar, or on the ground-floor, or the first-floor, or the second-floor, and so on?" The Berlin Bystander's readers will probably conclude that this is a parody of a Berlin registration form; but, as a fact, it is an exact translation.

THE CONJUROR

THE FORTUNE TELLER

Odd characters to be met at Port Said

BY EDWARD BERGMANN

Italian Cavalry Officers in the Making

THE DIFFICULT FEATS DEMANDED OF PUPILS AT THE RIDING SCHOOL

The Tor di Quinto Military Riding School, about four miles from Rome, to the right of the ancient Via Flaminia, is one of the most famous in the world. All cavalry officers, before being promoted to the rank of lieutenant, have to go through a two months' course at Tor di Quinto. This comprises all sorts of difficult and practical horsemanship, especially going over rough and uneven ground and natural obstacles. The photograph represents one of these characteristic exercises

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"IS MATRIMONY A FAILURE?"

AT THE CRITERION THEATRE

THIS play asks a question that is extremely embarrassing, especially to the married man whose wife is looking over his shoulder as he sits down to reply to it. Although in this play the question is asked and examined in a light-hearted manner, it is answered in quite a philosophic spirit, and no one is any the worse. When a young man came to the sage of old and asked whether he ought to marry, the sage very truly replied: "Whether you marry or not, you will repent it"; and the literature of all the peoples of the earth seems to contain a variant of the well-known assertion that marriage is like a besieged citadel, since those who are inside want to get out, and those who are outside want to get in. According to Emerson, the question as to the failure of matrimony has been asked since the beginning of the world so that it is not exactly new to our own time. The individual man's answer to the question is probably more a matter of his temperament and circumstances than anything else. If he declares that matrimony is a success, we suspect him of having been guided by his wife's opinion in the matter; and if he alleges that it is a failure, we charitably assume that he doesn't know what he is talking about.

Enterprising people who go to see this play under the impression that it will furnish them with a reliable recipe for all the ills of matrimony will be disappointed. Those who go in search of an hour or two's mild amusement will at least get their money's worth. The piece is a little disappointing in that so many chances of making fun have been missed altogether; but what there is of the play is amusing enough, provided expectations do not run too high. A young author has written a play designed to show that matrimony is quite unpopular among married people, and that if the majority of couples could see their way easily to a cheap and comfortable divorce they would jump at the chance. This allegation has quite scandalised the good people of Rosedale, who are positive that it is not true; and one of them, a Mr. Meek, is quite pained at the suggestion that he would be willing to leave his wife under any circumstances. Then the blow falls. Paul Barton (Mr. Kenneth Douglas), a London lawyer, arrives in Rosedale to point out that the new church has never been properly licensed for marriages, and that, therefore, those good people of the town who were married at the new church are not legally husband and wife.

The first idea of the married men is that they have met a stroke of luck which is too good to be true, Mr. Meek, the loudest of the conscientious objectors to the author's theory, being one of the first to express his delight. There is a general stampede for marriage certificates; and the grief of one gentleman, who finds to his disgust that he was married at the old church, and is thus not a sharer in the windfall, is quite pathetic. This part, played by Mr. F. H. Denton, is one of the happiest in the play. In due course, the husbands decide that, not being legally married, they must leave home and put up at the nearest inn for the sake of the proprieties. As one of them expresses it (a little bluntly, perhaps), "the law allows us to bathe together, but not to live together." I do not altogether agree with this rather narrow interpretation of the law, but I readily admit that the remark created uproarious laughter on the evening of my visit to the theatre. Another brave outburst greeted Mr. Denton, as the properly married husband, when, finding that he has no excuse for being driven from home, he announces nevertheless that he will go and join the other husbands—as a

Sketched at the Criterion Theatre by Norman Morrow

Husbands and Wives at War

BY NORMAN MORROW

volunteer. So far, the play is quite amusing; but it is a story that needs to be taken at a rather more rapid pace than that indulged in by the Criterion company.

The production is welcome if only for the reason that it brings Mr. Paul Arthur back to London. As Mr. Bolt, one of the "illegal" husbands, who is henpecked by his wife, he gives us a display of acting which is as fine and refreshing as it is rare. Miss Ellis Jeffreys, who plays Mrs. Bolt, is at her best; and these two present a delightfully amusing scene, in which the husband tries to derive the fullest advantage from the unexpected blessing that has come to him. Mr. Bolt's idea is that, before consenting to renew the contract by a proper re-marriage, he is in a position to lay down the terms on which his household shall be conducted for the future; but after he has enumerated his conditions with every confidence, Mrs. Bolt abruptly tells him not to be a silly fellow, and he is kept in his place accordingly. At this point we get the philosophical solution to the problem raised by the title of the play. It is to the effect that marriage does not depend for its continuance on the legal ceremony so much as on the habit acquired by the husband and wife living together in the same house. Marriage cannot strengthen such a habit any more than divorce can weaken it. It is common knowledge that in countries where divorce is both cheap and easy, separated couples frequently make up their differences and marry again. They have acquired the habit of each other's society and cannot dispense with it even when it is irksome.

I do not know how this play is treated in the Continental or American version; but it seems to me that a few more complications might have been introduced into the version under notice without overcrowding the play with incident. The natural tendency of a man suddenly released from an uncongenial matrimonial engagement is to gravitate with more or less becoming hesitation towards another woman. He does not realise his error in the first surprise of his release, though, in the present case, it would have been easy enough to recapture him before he had escaped too far. This complication, which almost amounts to a proper logical sequence, is not, however, introduced in the Criterion piece. You get the impression at the start that the liberated husbands are not going to be allowed to run farther than the length of their chains; and this is what happens. At the conclusion of the play they return meekly to the fold, and take their wives once more to their arms.

Mr. Kenneth Douglas and Miss Lettice Fairfax make a pleasant pair of stage lovers as Paul and Lulu. Paul, among other things, is very fond of music, while Lulu has to confess that she does not know one note from another. Lulu, however, is clever at painting; and this fact drives Paul to the admission that he has no artistic skill of any kind. When, therefore, we see, later on, Lulu industriously endeavouring to learn the five-finger exercises, and Paul producing an alleged portrait done by himself, we discover that we are in the middle of a very ingenious and dainty love story. If the rest of the story had been developed with a similar wealth of ideas, I think the play's chances of success would have been greater. JINGLE.

The Palace Theatre of Varieties

Rarely has Mr. Butt organised a better entertainment than that now to be enjoyed at the Palace. The Black and White Dancing Fantasia is daring, delightful, and thoroughly artistic, though one wonders what on earth the pretty young dancers are singing about. Messrs. Edmund Payne and George Grossmith are as funny here as they are at the Gaiety. The charm of their humour lies in its spontaneity and absolute cleanliness. Mr. Arthur Prince has elevated ventriloquism into an art, and his turn is as enjoyable as any in the programme. Miss Vesta Tilley is particularly entertaining in a character-study of a Guardsman off duty. But there is nothing dull in these days at the Palace. The pictures of the Sidney Street "battle" are alone worth going a long way to see. Mr. Churchill ought to drop in one night and take note of the audience's reception of his picture on the screen.

Photograph] **Miss Mabel Burnege** [*Foulsham and Banfield*

The charming actress and singer, who has succeeded Miss Elsie Spain as Mascha in *The Chocolate Soldier* at the Lyric, received her musical training at the Royal College of Music and her stage experience under Mrs. D'Oyly Carte

Beauty Pencilled in Profile

MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE, NOW PLAYING IN "THE ARCADIANS" AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE
She is the daughter of Mr. Robert Courtneidge, and succeeded Miss Phyllis Dare in the rôle of Eileen Cavanagh in "The Arcadians," which delightful musical play recently reached its 600th performance

BY R. G. MATHEWS

Speaking Personally

DOES SIR JOSEPH LYONS EXIST? INTERESTING SPECULATION

BARRING the grumblings of one or two malcontents who want to know why Mr. Harris, of sausage fame, has been left out in the cold, the New Year's knighting of Mr. Joseph Lyons has been very well received. This is as it should be, for the Prince of Pure Food at Popular Prices, the stainless chevalier of the ptomaineless pork-pie and the unaggressive egg is widely and deservedly popular as a straight, modest, kind-hearted, amazingly capable man whom success has left quite unspoiled.

Sir Joseph's new honour, however, raises the question whether he really exists? Personally I hold that he does not, and that he is a sort of Franken-Salmon and Gluckstein "monster," created by those astute but retiring gentlemen to divert attention from themselves. A most agreeable kind of "beast," I hasten to add—wouldn't hurt a fly.

It is certainly highly suspicious that whenever you try to catch Sir Joseph at one of his numerous addresses he is always at some other one. Ring up Cadby Hall, and they will tell you that he is at the Trocadero. Inquiry there elicits the fact that he is at Brighton. A trunk call to Brighton informs you that Sir Joseph is at his private house at Kensington, whence in town you get the news that he is at the Crystal Palace, and the Crystal Palace whispers to you that he is at the Strand Palace—and so on, a maddening round, *experto crede*. How could one man not be in so many places at once?

Let us now consider further evidence against the existence of Sir Joseph Lyons. Great mystery surrounds his career. From various unreliable sources I have collected the following facts:

1. He started life as a newsboy. This information comes from a friend who occasionally honours me by borrowing the harmless, necessary half a crown—he is an eminent British composer. My friend further assures me that he lent Joe Lyons the money with which to start his first shop in Waterloo Bridge Road. I should be more inclined to credit this statement if I could bring myself to believe that my eminent friend ever had twopence to lend in his life.

2. He made his first money as the proprietor of a shooting gallery at Glasgow, where he tickled the bawbees out of the Glaswegians' pockets by allowing them seven shots for sixpence.

3. He went to America as a young man and as a steerage passenger. Having signally failed to "make good," he returned to England about the time of Queen Victoria's first Jubilee. Perceiving possibilities of making money by buying up sites for seats along the route of the procession he went round trying to find a capitalist to finance him. Nobody, however, would trust him with sixpence until he met a very prominent official of the firm of Allsopp, the brewers.

This information comes from a gentleman who was approached by the young Hebrew at the time, and to his lasting regret refused to have anything to do with him. The Allsopp gentleman, however, believed in young Lyons, and his judgment was more than justified. Seriously, there is no doubt that one secret of Sir Joseph Lyons's success has been his wonderful eye for a good site. Wherever he plants a restaurant or teashop it is always in the best possible place, and he has great prevision. For example, he has already established himself hard by the new London County Hall, a full year before it will be opened. On the whole, it appears to be true that shrewd speculation in 1887 Jubilee seats was the first big *coup* of the Lyons-Salmon-Gluckstein combination.

But much is still left to be explained. A year later—that is, in 1888—the firm got the catering for the Jubilee Exhibition at Newcastle. How? A year before, I think I am right in saying, they were absolutely unknown as caterers, yet here we have them capturing a big order against the competition of the great catering firms. And so in all the development of the business there is something uncanny, something savouring of the magician's wand.

London went to sleep one night and awoke next morning to find the philanthropic Salmon and the benevolent Gluckstein ready in almost every street to save her 33 1-3 per cent. London dozed again, and with the dawn the white and gold of Lyons's teashops was to be seen north, south, east, and west. As I say, it was, and is, uncanny.

Consider again. Could any one man be capable of Sir Joseph Lyons's activities? To his main and gigantic business he gives the fullest personal attention. Outside his business he is a member of the Works and Buildings Committee and of the General Purposes Committee of the London County Territorial Association. He is Chairman of the London Business Athletic Association, and ditto of the Strand Hotel Company. He belongs to various City Guilds, and is connected with many "side" ventures. The success of the Festival of Empire will rest largely on his shoulders. He is equally ready to cater for a beanfeast or a Royal banquet. He has yet to make a business failure.

When he hasn't anything in particular to do he writes novels with Mr. Cecil Raleigh and paints pictures, which are only excluded from the Academy by the unreasoning jealousy of the R.A.'s. Once he talked of running a theatre, and once I nearly succeeded in getting him to start a newspaper under the title of the *Lyons Mail*. His reply was that while my proposal was not personally disagreeable to him, his co-directors thought he had enough to do as it was.

Think it over, and you will perceive the impossibility of any single human being getting through a tithe of the work accomplished by the ubiquitous, but I maintain impalpable, Joe Lyons, Knight Bachelor, and jolly good fellow.

N. W. F.

WHERE THE WORLD IS WHITE

SOME ALLURING PICTURES OF

SPORT AMID ALPINE SNOWS

Photograph SKI-ING AT LENZERHEIDE *Sh.pstone*

Lenzerheide is four hours' sleigh drive from Chur, on the Churwalden route to the Engadine. It is the resort of the Public Schools Winter Sports Club. Its ski-ing slopes are particularly good. The beauty of winter is for the first time properly revealed to you when ski-ing is taken up. It is easy to attain a proficiency that will take you through virgin fields of snow, through forests of fantastic black and white shapes, and even up apparently inaccessible peaks. The views of the "world of white" are indeed a revelation

The Ice Rinks of St. Moritz, the Glory of East Switzerland

UNIQUE PANORAMA OF A WINTER SPORT PARADISE IN FULL GLORY

The Winter Sports Season is in full blast. Up to Christmas the ice rinks were in most places unfit for use, but now all is well, and the hotels are, as a consequence, crowded. St. Moritz has an international set of visitors, the majority, however, being British. The Swiss National Ski Races will be held here on February 11 and 12. St. Moritz is an ideal resort for a winter holiday. Imagine sunshine for eight hours a day in winter—six thousand feet above the sea !

Facilis Descensus—?

Photograph] THE JUMPING-HILL AT ADELBODEN [*Miss E. Fris'y*

This illustration forms the frontispiece of Mr. Vivian Caulfield's book, "How to Ski" (James Nisbett and Co.), the last word on the fascinating sport of ski-running. The record for a ski-jump is 147½ feet

Famous Hunts at Home

No. XXVIII.—THE ATHERSTONE

Written and Illustrated by Leonard Willoughby

Lindley Hall
Nuneaton

A "View": Reynard Breaks Cover

The Earl of Huntingdon: Master of the Atherstone

The Huntsman Handing Over a Terrier

WHEN the Earl of Huntingdon took over the Atherstone Hounds he worthily followed in the footsteps of a series of brilliant Masters who have made the Hunt what it is. The celebrated Mr. Osbaldeston gave it the name of the Atherstone Hunt, and made it at once famous, hunting hounds himself. The kennels he built at Witherley consist of brick buildings, containing four lodging-rooms with large yards, feeding-room, hospital, and usual offices. Over these one of the whips and the kennelman sleep. I cannot say I am impressed favourably with the site for kennels, for it lies low, and the system of drainage is, in my opinion, all wrong, and should certainly be altered.

Turning to the pack, as I have just seen them, I find sixty couple of hounds. The dogs show immense bone and substance, and excellent necks and shoulders, their backs and loins being particularly good. They are very straight, and their feet are compact, and altogether I consider them stout hounds. They are on the big side, but very level, and are nicely coloured, showing a great deal of Belvoir tan. The bitches have good frames, with plenty of bone carried right down, and their feet are first-rate. Their necks and shoulders are excellent, and, in fact, they show high quality all round. Like the dogs, they show a good deal of tan, and are absolutely level, a strong resemblance running through the entire pack. So good do these hounds strike me as being, that I find it hard to criticise them adversely on any point. In their work the dogs are most persevering, with capital nose, tongue, and good drive, and work out their own problems without much assistance. The bitches are very close-hunting hounds, and, like the dogs, are fast. Their dash, drive, and tongue are first-rate, and they are full of blood.

Hounds hunt on Mondays from the vicinity of the kennels—which are about three miles west of the plumb centre of the country—to

within a few miles of Leicester. This consists chiefly of grass, with some arable and no big woods. On Wednesdays they are around Tamworth and Ashby, which is much the same sort of country as the Monday, though colder scenting. Friday's is the best country about Rugby and Lutterworth, and is chiefly grass, holding a good scent, and is essentially a galloping country, with big bullock fences. Saturday's meets are near Coventry, where there are large woodlands, some grass, and very big fences. The character of the fences generally in the Atherstone is thorn cut and laid with ditches which want jumping, and in parts there are banks. The enclosures are small, and there is always a great deal of jumping, but most of the fences are negotiable. Scent, on the whole, is good, though rather cold in the Wednesday country. Foxes are plentiful with two marked exceptions—viz., in the Saturday country, where there are shooting interests. With the exceptions I allude to, there is excellent feeling between the Hunt and the covert-owners.

A House-Party at Lindley Hall

Left to right: Hon. Sybil Fellowes, Mr. Leonard Willoughby, Lady Marian Hastings, Mr. Randolph Wilson, Earl of Huntingdon, Mr. Batson, and Lady Norah Hastings

Whitmore, who hunts the bitch pack, is a good judge of, and takes every pride in, his hounds, which certainly do him credit. Lord Huntingdon as Master is very popular with all classes, and the farmers are devoted to him. Quiet in the field, he hunts hounds twice a week, and takes very high rank as a huntsman. He wisely leaves hounds alone, and knows just when to help them. Having made a life-long study of hunting hounds, he is now as fine an amateur huntsman as exists. His voice is clear, musical, and penetrating, and hounds simply love him and rush to him. It only remains for the fields to assist him a little more than they do, especially in the Friday country. I trust, therefore, all ranks will combine to help Lord Huntingdon to continue to show the fine sport he is doing, and so keep famous the name of the Atherstone as a Hunt which hitherto has consisted alone of sportsmen good and true.

The Atherstone Huntsman, Whips, and Pack

Prominent Followers of the Atherstone

Mrs. Campbell and Friends Trying the Turf

Miss Violet Stubbs

The Misses Hardie Jackson

Mrs. Campbell and Miss Hanbury of Sheepy

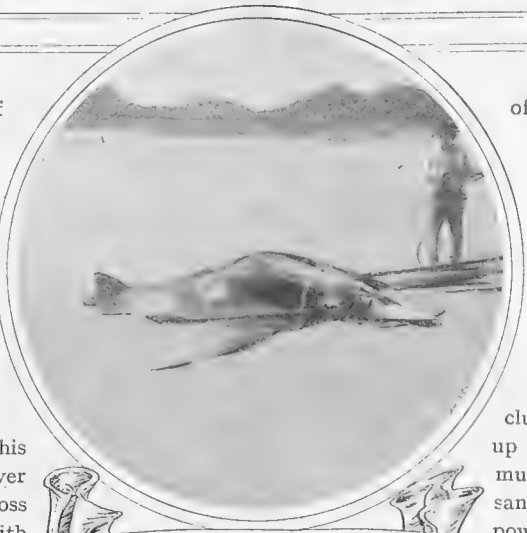
Captain Loynes (right) and Captain Campbell

Big fields come out on Fridays, Mondays, and Wednesdays, mostly residents and from adjoining hunts, particularly the Meynell. A good many ladies hunt and go well, especially Mrs. Inge, whose father, Mr. Oakley, was Master for twenty years of the Atherstone. One of the best and oldest supporters of the Hunt is the Hon. Secretary, Captain Townshend, of Caldecote, Nuneaton, who for many years has held this responsible position. To him the Hunt is much indebted for the interest he has taken in its welfare

More Big Things of the Sea

SIX months ago a number of big fish pictures were published in The Bystander, and a fresh crop of photographs from overseas has just reached me, from which a selection of two or three may be of interest.

The first of these represents the gigantic ray harpooned by Mr. Conn in Cape San Lucas Bay, at the foot of Lower California. This giant, estimated to weigh over 2,600lb., and measuring 21ft. across the "wings," was caught with the aid of a thirty-gallon cask as a buoy for the harpoon line, and even so it took an hour and a half in the killing. Without such a buoy a fish of this size soon settles on the bottom and crawls slowly and irresistibly out to sea, finally submerging the boat unless someone cuts the line. After towing both launch and cask about for ninety minutes, this monster was eventually despatched with a bullet from a rifle.



The Big Ray: Estimated Weight 2,652 lb., Width across Fins 21ft., Width of Mouth 2¾ft.

The next photograph represents a great swordfish of 600lb., caught on a hand-line close to the coast of South Africa. It is being set up for a local museum, and is probably the largest fish of the kind ever taken in this manner. Sea-fishing in South Africa is a popular sport, and amateurs cast from the beaches into the surf and catch all manner of splendid fish, including kabeljaauw (or "salmon") up to 80lb., garrick up to 40lb., mussel-crackers up to 67lb., and sand-sharks up to 500lb. Very powerful bamboo rods are used, with 300yds. of tarpon line, and the fight may last for hours, as it is obviously harder to control a powerful fish from the shore than it would be in a boat. Fishing from boats is not easy on those coasts, for the rollers of the Indian Ocean break with a force that encourages small craft to keep their distance. The garrick, probably named after the man who first caught it, is a powerful fish, related to the albacores, and fine catches are often made of this sporting creature.

F. G. Aflalo.

Swordfish, 600 lb., 13½ft. long

Caught on Hand-line in South Africa

Mr. C. G. Conn and his Big Ray

Hoisted to Their Daily Duties

HOW THE BUILDERS OF THE SKY-SCRAPERS REACH THEIR POSTS

The men employed on the building of the New York sky-scrapers are raised to the giddy heights of the top floors by means of the crane which is used for hoisting up the building material. This photograph was taken from a sky-scraper now in course of construction in West Street. Below are the Hudson Docks, with the great packet boats moored to the quay. It is difficult to look at this picture without a slight sensation of vertigo. The man is absolutely at the mercy of a momentary faltering of nerve or muscle; yet he looks as composed as a child swinging in its cradle

Riviera Notes

FROM THE SUNNY SOUTH

The Crown Prince of Servia and His Aide-de-Camp

H.R.H. is spending the winter at Beaulieu. He is, of course, the second son of King Peter, the eldest son having renounced his rights to the succession

IT'S a Sunny South right enough, but it's rather a cold South these days, and a fur coat is a thing not to be despised, especially if you be a racegoer, for the course at the Var is one of the coolest places on the Riviera at sunset, and has sent more than one speculator to his last account before this. Just now we of Nice talk, think, and do little or nothing that does not pertain to racing, and the way in which the season has "bucked-up" is quite extraordinary. The other day I actually met an hotel-keeper without a vacant room—a rare occurrence at this time of the year; and the rival bars—the Royal and the Chatham—are packed at the hour devoted to the insinuating cocktail. The sweeps for the Grand Prix were filled up a week before that race, a fact which constitutes a record. *Bref*, as they say in France, the season is in full swing at last.

With the advent of the racing division has, of course, come that of the serious gambler, and they are now hard at work morning, noon, and night, both at Monte and Nice. At the former a certain well-known member of the Stock Exchange took a fancy for number twenty-three, and staked the maximum thereon time after time. He is rather sorry he did so, for the number turned up exactly once in over forty spins. One lucky punter had a good win the other afternoon on the *carré* 5-9, which obligingly turned up no fewer than eight times in succession? As he left the maximum on each time he had a pretty little parcel of notes to go away with. Mr. Darnborough continues to keep away from Monte, and patronises Nice instead. He is staying *incognito* at one of the big hotels at Cimiez.

Mr. Lloyd George and Co. have left, but politics are now represented by M. Isvolsky, who is leading a quiet life at Cimiez, where they still have it that the Queen of the Belgians is to arrive at the end of the month. She has been "arriving" for so many weeks that I will believe in her appearance when I see it! The Crown Prince of Servia, who is at the Bristol at Beaulieu, is a quiet, retiring young gentleman, who very easily passes in crowds. He is still by no means strong, and is keeping out of the revels of the Riviera, though he has paid the Rooms one or two visits.

Christmas Daisy failed to win the big hurdle race after all. Up till the last hurdle but one he looked like a winner, but the distance was too much for him, and he finished a bad fourth. The pace was terrific, and if the course had been a hundred yards shorter the English horse would have walked away with the race. Blagem II. once again proved what a splendid old horse he is. There was a tremendous crowd, and one heard more English—and American—than any other language.

Prince de Magny's Blagem II., Winner of the Prix de Monte Carlo at Nice last Sunday week

In this race Christmas Daisy finished fourth. Prior to the race it was rumoured that he would not start owing to the unsuitability of the ground, and, as it turned out, neither the ground nor the distance was to his liking

Illumination

A PHOTOGRAPH IN THE LIMELIGHT BELOVED OF THE VARIETY STAR

MISS MAUD ESMOND

Photographed while in the limelight singing "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" in Mr. Wentworth Croke's third annual pantomime, "Cinderella," at the Lyric Opera House, Hammersmith

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

Bystander Short Story

The Looking-Glass

By E. M. JAMESON

"EVERYTHING you want?" asked Balencourt, unfolding his newspaper, preparatory to plunging into the realm of politics.

"Thank you, everything," replied his wife, glancing at the heap of magazines and journals with which he had surrounded her. Her voice touched upon the third word with a wholly unconscious plaintiveness, which made Balencourt glance at her for a moment. Into his eyes flashed a look of gratified admiration, gratified because she belonged to him. She looked so young and so extraordinarily pretty as she leaned back in her place in the Pullman, with face half averted from him. He could only catch a glimpse of the delicate cheek and the smooth, soft waves of her brown hair.

She felt his glance upon her, and the profile with which he had first fallen in love flushed a vivid rose-ink. Balencourt smiled a little at the sight. With face like that he could overlook her lack of what he ermed brilliance. After all, those friends of his who d married clever women had not made a great ccess of matrimony. Far better to own a wife no looked up to him, who did not air her views ith the dogmatic fervour of Mrs. Ransom, for in-ance, or the cheap cynicism of Parbery's wife. Yes, the whole, he was glad to have married a girl young ough to be moulded to his own tastes and point of iew. A month spent together had shown him how terly innocent and inexperienced Lucia was. They ardly had an idea in common as yet, but she would grow to his way of thinking. She was a veritable little Philistine, both as regards art and music, while had unusual perception in both. Fortunately, with regard to dress her taste was irreproachable. She knew to a marvel the tints and styles that best became her, and she never made the mistake of donning a gown or hat just because it happened to be fashionable.

Balencourt, while thinking all this and staring at his little bride, momentarily forgot politics. He was glad to be coming home again after four weeks spent abroad—too long, he assured himself, for a man to be taken from his usual avocations. Truth to tell he had been bored more than once on his honeymoon, though the thought seemed such rank treason that he had not allowed it to gain ground. Lucia seemed happy, and he had enjoyed showing her the beautiful cities he knew so well, the pictures, the works of art, the ancient buildings that had left their mark on history. Lucia drank in all the information bestowed upon her with a certain sweet submissiveness he found delightful, while all the time she was secretly longing to explore the shops and get away by herself sometimes for a long solitary ramble. She was utterly indifferent to the admiration she aroused wherever she went. Balencourt, gratified by the sensation caused by her loveliness, lavished beautiful things upon her; and now Lucia, too, must be glad to be coming home to the house she had never seen.

Balencourt had preferred to let his ancestral acres during his bachelorhood and put up in chambers in town. Now that he was a married man things were different. Lucia was not consulted; of course, she, too, would prefer to do the right thing, and act as *châtelaine* at the old house in which he and many of his forbears had first seen the light. The delicate profile at which he gazed while thinking thus had grown suddenly very pale. Lucia, too, sat buried in thought. Her long, slender fingers were loosely interlaced in her lap; her eyes were miles away in the dear old shabby home where she had been brought up, a home where one was never lonely, and where one had not to strain eternally after high ideals, until one's brain grew a little tired and clouded. They would be having tea now at home; a noisy, happy crew. The sensation of the home-sickness lay heavier every moment in Lucia's breast; she felt an unutterable desire to get away from her present surroundings to the familiar riot of home. A tear rolled down the smooth oval of her cheek and lost itself in the pearls of her betrothal ring.

She furtively raised a fragment of cambric and lace to her eyes, turning to look out at the landscape. When all traces of tears had gone she glanced round at her husband. Meeting the look he threw the paper aside, and leaning forward took her hand with the proprietary air characteristic of some newly married men—an air that in Balencourt's case held a note of condescension.

"Tired, Lucia? Do you know," drawing a little nearer, "you look lovely to-day? How proud I shall be of my wife. I want you to look your very best. You are glad to be coming home?"

Lucia's fingers closed upon his, as if somewhere she sought a confidant for her thoughts.

"Glad? Yes, I suppose so—yes, of course, I *must* be glad, Gerard"—coming a little closer. "I wish you would not always think so much of my looks and so little of me, *myself*; because, after all, looks don't last, but personality does."

Balencourt, in no way realising the tumult of mind underlying the words, laughed indulgently, and drew his fingers down the velvet cheek.

"Silly little girl!" he said, tenderly, "to talk at twenty of losing your good looks."

Lucia's clasp strengthened. She leaned a little nearer, her wide, beautiful eyes questioning him.

"But if I were to grow suddenly quite plain, would you cease to care for me?"

Balencourt showed signs of impatience. Then he shrugged his shoulders and gave that indulgent

(All rights strictly reserved)

smile which Lucia in her present mood found maddening.

"What *is* the use of supposing such an unlikely event? You could never be anything but lovely. You are overstrained, tired."

"No," said Lucia, with a certain obstinate persistence which showed her little knowledge of men, "not tired. But I want to know."

He leaned nearer and kissed her. She half-amused, half-irritated him, but he must make allowances. Women were curious beings. He changed the subject.

"I hope you'll like the Manor. Strange to think you have not seen the place yet. The Bensons, of course, have had it for so long; and then we married rather in haste, didn't we? Not"—teasingly—"to repent at leisure?"

She had all manner of unexpected ways. Now, for the first time, she leaned closer and put her lips very softly to his bronzed face. The action was so unlooked-for that he flushed, like a boy, and returned the caress with interest.

"Do you know, that is the first kiss, the very first, you have ever given me of your own accord. What a cold little girl you are!"

She shook her head, wondering at the impulse that had prompted her caress.

"I wish we knew one another a little better," she said, frowning thoughtfully; "it would make things so much easier."

Balencourt laughed. He still felt that soft touch on his cheek.

"After a whole month spent uninterruptedly together we ought to know one another," he replied, tenderly; "and we do, Lucia?"

She shook her head with a certain staid gravity that entertained him vastly. Into his eyes flashed again that look of admiring patronage she resented in every fibre. He glanced at his watch.

"Another five minutes, and we shall be there," he remarked. "I feel like a boy again, coming home for the holidays. I shall enjoy showing you the old place, Lucia. I love every inch of it. It's so picturesque, artists rave about it."

"I hope it is bright and cheerful," Lucia remarked, who had no soul for art beyond the love of sunshine and flowers and green fields.

"Little Philistine!" said Balencourt, fondly.

"Why should one not prefer light and pretty surroundings?" asked Lucia. "I shall have a little sitting-room of my own, Gerard, that I can arrange as I like?"

He stiffened ever so slightly, but she noticed it.

"There is the room my mother had, and my grandmother before her. It is a charming room, and I should prefer it to remain unchanged."

Lucia made no comment. His ideas of beauty and her own were so often opposed. They exchanged no further words until they were on their way to the Manor in their smooth-going automobile.

The sun was setting in a glittering haze. The valleys and the river winding its way through the meadows were bathed in a golden mist. Lucia drew a long breath, then slipped her hand into Balencourt's. The somewhat hard lines of his mouth relaxed as he looked down at her.

"How beautiful it is!" she said in a low tone; "all gold and rose and gossamer. I'm glad we have such a perfect evening for our home-coming."

Balencourt let his eyes roam over the prospect as if he loved it, which indeed he did.

"There it is! There are the chimneys among the trees over there," he said presently, half standing up, his voice eager and boyish. "Slow down a bit here, Rogers. There's such a delightful glimpse from this point, Lucia. Look! through the elms over there—do you see something grey? That's the Manor, the oldest part. Jove! it's good to be back again!"

A small deputation of servants awaited them in the entrance hall, the older servants grown grey in the family service, whom Balencourt greeted by name, and upon whom Lucia smiled in her charming, indefinite way. There was a certain amount of strain in coming home to a place she had never seen; something was absent which should have touched it with the wizard's wand of glory. She felt no thrills, no hopes and fears, just a sensation of doubt and longing for she knew not what—a vague something that lay too deep for words.

There were few modern innovations at the Manor; electric light had not found its way there. Instead there was the soft glow of lamps and a glorious fire of logs in the hall, which even though the day had been warm and sunny hardly took the sensation of chill from the air. Tea was laid here, and the firelight gleamed rosily upon the silver and china equipage. Lucia sat down in one of the cushioned oak chairs and looked about her, struggling against a certain forlorn sensation that comes over all of us at times when confronted with unfamiliar things.

She was alone for the moment, Balencourt having gone to speak to one of the men. He presently returned to find her sipping her tea in the firelight. He accepted a cup from her, and took up his position on the tiger skin stretched before the hearth. Excitement had brought a glow to his eyes. The hard lines of his brown, clear-cut face softened involuntarily as he looked about him up into the dark raftered ceiling, then lingeringly upon the great window bearing his family crest and motto. The last faint tints of the sunset stole through the pane, outlining his wife's brown head in an aureole of light.

"It is good to be home," said Balencourt, in a low tone, his hand on her chair. "You just complete the picture, Lucia. Are you ready? I am going to show you round myself."

It was, perhaps, unfortunate that the light should have grown so dim as they went from room to room. All the distant corners held an atmosphere of gloom; grey shadows lurked in the staircase where the lamps had not yet been lighted.

She clung to his arm as they went, her step lagging behind his eager pace. In the dusk her features glimmered like ivory against his shoulder.

Something at last pierced through his egotism. He glanced down at her, vaguely disappointed.

"Tired? Of course, you must be. Let's leave the rest until to-morrow. Come, I will show you your own room."

He opened a door to the right of the corridor, disclosing a vast apartment with three windows. Candles were lighted here and there, specks of light in the dusk, a group on either side of the dressing-glass, on

(Continued on page 144)

Pas Deux

A POST-PANTOMIME IMPRESSION BY H. M. BATEMAN

(Continued from page 142)

the mantelpiece, and on a table beside the huge four-post bed.

In this room, too, there was a fire, and here also a chill sensation pervaded the atmosphere. Lucia sank into an easy-chair near the hearth, and looked about her. The windows were outlined against a sky that glowed orange and red. Her eyes, wide open and incredulous, sought his.

"This is not my room?"

He laughed at her tone.

"But, of course, and see—here is a door leading into my dressing-room."

"*Must* I have this room?"

He showed signs of restiveness. "Of course."

"I can't!" She looked about her again. "I simply can't! It is so gloomy, so dark." She shivered, and held her hands to the blaze.

Balencourt, from his position before the hearth, looked down at her with an amazed stare. He did not mean to lose his temper on this first evening. As a relief to his feelings he dug his heel into the coals, sending myriads of sparks up the chimney, illumining the surroundings with a vivid glare.

"This is your room, as a matter of course," he said, exercising some patience with her. "In the daytime it is sunny and well lighted. Now"—he shrugged his shoulders—"I really think we must have electric light installed. These panelled rooms need a good deal of lighting."

Lucia's pale fingers were clenched on the arms of her chair.

"I have an absolute passion for light," she said. "The climate is depressing enough at all times. Why should we make it worse by having gloomy houses? Can't we have the room done up?"

Balencourt gave a short laugh.

"Done up! Good heavens! This room has been good enough for a few generations of women before you, Lucia! No, I'm not cross—only disappointed."

"But can't you see?" interposed Lucia. "Colour and light have so much to do with our happiness."

He took an impatient stride across the floor, then returned, and stooping, framed the pale oval of her face between his hands. Into the eyes looking up at him welled tears that slowly overflowed and fell on his fingers.

She roused in him a species of indulgent exasperation. Any woman might have been glad to take up her abode as mistress of such a dear old house. He conquered the desire to shake her, and kissed her instead.

"You are so childish that one can't really get angry with you," he remarked. "Do be more reasonable. Rest a little before you dress. You are over-tired."

Like a child she clung to him for a moment, her forehead pressed against his shoulder. He was kind, but there was no sympathy, no real comprehension, in his manner. She loosed her hold, and closed her eyes. When she opened them again she was alone. She sat erect, and rising, explored the room. She was extraordinarily susceptible to atmosphere, and her surroundings filled her with a sense of fear. Not all the candles, not all the dancing firelight could dispel the shadows from the distant corners of the room. She walked over to the dressing-table, and with dilated eyes looked at her reflection. The mirror was very old. All those other brides before her must have looked at themselves in it day after day through the passing of the years, happy brides and sad, none, perhaps, quite so terrified as herself.

She found herself looking, not at herself, but at the reflection of the room as mirrored in the glass. Dim forms seemed to her excited fancy to flit through the space that lay between her and the great oaken wardrobe at the far end of the room. Over her shoulder faces as pale as her own seemed to look at her; perhaps, after all, those other brides had disliked the room as much as she did. She stood there transfixed, afraid to break the spell. Suddenly in the adjoining room she heard her husband noisily flinging his belongings about, and singing, in his pleasant baritone, a rollicking chorus.

The tension snapped. Lucia's overtaxed feelings found relief in a peal of half-hysterical laughter. She had been living at high pressure for weeks. The sound penetrated to Balencourt. He opened the door between.

"That's right! Feeling better, darling? It's good to hear you laugh. You'll soon grow accustomed to everything."

Through the looking-glass Lucia watched him as he approached. Reflected in it he, too, seemed changed. His features looked coarser, his eyes held a different expression. Averting her head she turned and looked at the real Balencourt. Her eyes were bright, her face flushed into almost unnatural beauty.

"I am growing accustomed to the room already," she said, laughing again. "I may even end by liking it."

But as the days passed her detestation for the looking-glass grew until it caused her an effort to look at herself at all. She said nothing more to her husband; he would only laugh at her and show annoyance. Several times it was on her lips to ask for another mirror; there were several she might have had, but he would have resented the suggestion.

Though in many things they were miles apart, she cared for him enough to dislike annoying him. He little guessed how often she lay awake, her eyes fixed upon the pale reflection sent out by the looking-glass, how often she leaned up on her elbow panic-stricken when the furniture creaked. He, himself, was a sound sleeper, to whom nerves were unknown. There was no one to whom she could tell her fears, and, having no outlet, they grew until they obsessed her by day as well as by night.

To Balencourt's dismay the beauty by which he set such store seemed to be fading. Her lovely face lost its colour and contour, there was a drawn look about the rounded cheeks. He told himself amazedly sometimes that she looked almost plain. There were plenty of vehicles at her disposal, but she preferred to go for long walks, coming back exhausted. But her restlessness remained. She, who had been content to dream hours away, was rarely still for five minutes together. Balencourt, occupied with his affairs, was less alive to the change than he might have been, and when they had been back at the Manor a month business took him away for a week.

Lucia seized her opportunity. "For seven days I will be rid of it at least," she said, the moment her husband left for the station. "I can't face the nights with it alone. There's that oval looking-glass in the small room, the one with the quaint pedestal."

(Concluded on page xii)

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GOLF

The Genesis and Nature of Rule 33

Hard cases make bad laws. I hope to show, by what I am going to write, that this saying is especially applicable to golf law. Some ten years ago a case occurred at Sheringham in which one player, A, playing the odd from the edge of the green, holed his putt. His opponent, B, in playing the like, struck A's caddie, who was standing at the hole. The question was then submitted to the Rules Committee whether A lost the hole, and, if not, what rule of golf qualified Rule 24. The 1899 Code was then in force, and under Rule 24 A lost the hole because B's ball struck A's caddie. As A had holed the odd, and was, therefore, presumably certain of at least a half of the hole, the Rules Committee imported equity into the case and decided that A did not lose the hole, as "by holing his putt in the odd he secured the half, at least, and nothing that B does could deprive him of that." However, the Committee was evidently not happy about this decision, for when the 1902 Code was drafted, a rule was inserted to cover the case disclosed by the Sheringham incident. That Rule (No. 24) ran as follows: "When a player has holed out and his opponent has been left with a putt for the half, nothing that the player can do shall deprive him of the half which he has already gained." It will be noticed that the Sheringham case is not exactly covered by this rule except on the supposition that A had instructed his caddie to stand at the hole. If that was not so, then we must imagine the word "player" to include "or his caddie," though in other rules the caddie is always distinctly mentioned in addition to the player, and one must, therefore, take them to be separate entities.

Photograph *Dixon*

Mr. R. H. de Montmorency

Who, at the January meeting of the Rye Golf Club, created a fresh record for the course with a score of 71. At Oxford he was a distinguished cricketer and rackets player, and is now a master at Eton

The Yelverton Case

In the latest Code the rule is No. 33. It has undergone a slight verbal change, and is prefaced by an explanatory phrase. Rule 33: "Penalty of loss of hole qualified by half previously gained. When a player has holed out and his opponent has been left with a stroke for the half, nothing that the player who has holed out can do shall deprive him of the half which he has already gained." It will be seen that the earlier phrase, "left with a putt for the half," has now become "left with a stroke for the half." Recently a case was submitted to the Rules Committee by the Yelverton Golf Club. A and B were playing a match, and at a certain hole both played their second shots over a bunker guarding and hiding the hole from the players. On reaching the green only A's ball could be seen, and B, after some search in the rough surrounding the green, gave up the hole. After they had struck off from the next tee B's ball was found in the hole by the couple following them. B had, therefore, holed out in two strokes, and the Rules Committee was asked to decide whether A or B won the hole. The Committee decided that "Under Rule 1 (1) the hole is won by the side which holes its ball in fewer strokes than the opposing side, except as otherwise provided for in the Rules. It is otherwise provided (Rule 21) that if a ball be lost, the player's side shall lose the hole. B lost his ball and the hole." Now, but for Rule 33, the above decision would be not only logical, but unimpeachable. But as B playing the odd holed his ball, A, in the Yelverton case, was left with a stroke for the half, and nothing that B, who had holed out, could do could deprive him (B) of the half he had already gained. It is difficult to get away from the force of Rule 33 except by contending that as B was unaware that his ball was in the hole, he cannot be considered to have "holed out."

Abolish the Rule

But this is a sort of quibbling interpretation, and does not seem satisfactory. It would be best to get rid of Rule 33, the evil genesis of which I have traced out in this article. There are many cases of "hard lines" in golf, but it is a bad system to make laws to cover such cases. The original Sheringham case arose through the stupidity or inattention of a caddie, but it is better that players should put up with such hardships than that the Code should be burdened with such vicious and unnecessary rules as Rule 33.

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CRICKET

Trumper's "No Trumper"

Of the two great cricketers whose photographs are reproduced on this page, Victor Trumper, of New South Wales, is probably the most brilliant batsman of the day in either hemisphere, while Aubrey Faulkner is, without a doubt, the most consistent all-round player that South Africa has ever turned out—and that means a great deal. In the third Test Match at Adelaide last week Trumper's 214 not out may pardonably be described in terms of Bridge as a no-trumper which scored a grand slam, for it creates a fresh record for the highest individual innings by an Australian player in Test Matches, which previously stood to the credit of the great "Billy" Murdoch, who made 211 against England at the Oval in 1884. Had some of Trumper's colleagues been able to stay with him a bit longer he might conceivably have caught up to R. E. Foster's still greater record for a batsman of any nationality in a Test Match, 287, scored for England against Australia at Sydney in the course of the 1903-4 tour. For in the course of his fine innings he never made a mistake, and looked, when his last partner was caught at the wicket, like going on for ever.

Photograph *Stern*

C. Pinkham

The Cambridge double football Blue. He recently achieved the unusual feat of gaining a try in a Rugby match while playing full-back

G. A. Faulkner

The most consistent all-round cricketer in South Africa. He scored a century in last week's Test Match at Adelaide

Photographs *Sport and General*

V. Trumper

The brilliant Australian batsman, who has just set up a fresh record for an individual innings by an Australian in Test Matches with a score of 214

Faulkner's Infallibility

Faulkner's century (115), made in South Africa's second innings, was the third he has hit in the course of the South Africans' present tour, and the second in the current series of Test Matches. His remarkable consistency is shown by the fact that in six Test Match innings he has scored 488, which gives an average of 81.33, while his average for the whole tour at the end of last week was 65.21. In the second Test Match at Melbourne at the beginning of this year he made 204, and this is the fourth highest individual innings scored in a Test. Faulkner's fine batting undoubtedly won the third Test Match for South Africa.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

A Try by a Full-Back

It is not often that a full-back gains a try at Rugger, especially in a first-class game, but this feat was achieved recently by C. Pinkham, the Cambridge full-back, when playing for the old Leysians against the redoutable Harlequins. The try was quite a funny one, for when the ball came to him he apparently had no time to pick it up and punt into touch in the orthodox way, so he had recourse to dribbling, and did it so successfully that he went right through his opponents with the ball still in his possession, and, beating them all in a race from somewhere near the half-way line, just managed to touch down before he was overtaken. His side was finally beaten, but only by a solitary point. Pinkham is one of the best all-round 'Varsity athletes of the day. Last year he played in goal for Cambridge in the 'Varsity Soccer match, and at the end of last term he was picked as full-back for the Rugger match which Cambridge so nearly won when they were thought not to have half a ghost of a dog's chance.

The Anonymous Team-Builder

As is usual at this period of the season, the columns of the *Sportsman* are overloaded with letters from correspondents criticising — generally adversely—the composition of the English team to meet Wales. Of course, we are all desperately keen on England winning; we all have our favourite players; and we all have a right to our opinions. But where they conflict with the opinions of those who are admittedly better and more experienced judges than ourselves we ought surely to feel some diffidence about airing them in print. The only diffidence that the majority of these self-appointed team-pickers display is that they judiciously hide their identity by using *noms de plume*. This only adds to the utter futility of their criticisms. What satisfaction is there in knowing that "A Lover of Rugby" thinks that neither Stoop nor Poulton should have been chosen?

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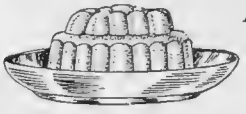

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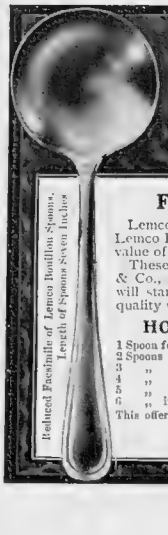

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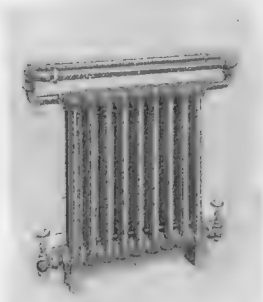

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BY FIELD STREAM & COVERT

Photograph *Sport and General*

A Picturesque Scene in the Hunting Field: After a Kill at the Lake in Fonthill Park by the Wilton Foxhounds

The Condition of Foxhunting

This is the time of the year when various Masterships of Hounds become vacant, and the present season looks like having the usual crop of changes. Some countries are exceedingly unlucky in this respect; they never seem to be able to keep their M.F.H.'s for long together. One often wonders what is wrong in these cases. Is it because they do not get hold of the right men in the first place, or are they so badly off for foxes that each new Master becomes speedily disheartened? For years people have been telling us that hunting is on its last legs, but surely those misanthropic folk can never have seen a meet of a good pack on a fine winter's morning? There is no more inspiriting sight in the world of sport. Look at the big field of horsemen of both sexes, representing three-parts of the county people, and you will be inclined to scout any suggestion that the popularity of foxhunting is on the wane. No doubt the sport has a great many difficulties which it did not know in the old days, but they are not insuperable. I have been out in several countries this season, both in the Midlands and in the Home Counties, and all I have seen has convinced me that foxhunting is as firmly established in this country as ever it was. The greatest danger in future will be the increase of small holdings, but so far they have not interfered appreciably with the sport.

Lady Sophie Scott, the Wife of Sir Samuel Scott, Joint Master of the Grafton Hounds

The photograph shows this keen lady-rider at the meet at Brackley

Changes of Control

Pessimists point to the long list of changing Masters every season as a sign of the decline of foxhunting, but there was never anything more fallacious. Men do not give up hounds because hunting is going down, but because of purely "natural causes," such as health, finance, and increasing years. What better proof of the well-being of the sport could be wanted than the readiness of good sportsmen to fill the vacancies? The position of M.F.H. still ranks as high in the sporting and the social scale as ever it did; it still possesses unequalled charm for the right people. I expect twenty countries will be in want of new Masters before the end of the season, and I think there is every likelihood that their requirements will be met.

Even so great a loss as the Earl of Lonsdale's resignation inevitably means to the Cottesmore Hounds will be suitably repaired.

The Cottesmore Master

He will be a very hard Master to follow, for the splendour of his establishment is unequalled, yet the occasion usually produces the man, and will probably do so in the case of this historic Hunt. One deeply regrets, however, that Lord Lonsdale's impending retirement comes about on account of friction with the Hunt Committee. He has never looked upon the Mastership of Hounds as a sinecure; on the contrary, he has always been quick to resent any movement which may be calculated to weaken the authority of the position. Another resignation is that of Mr. Gerald Hardy from the Mastership of the Meynell Hounds, but here there is a chance that this popular sportsman's services will be retained to the Hunt by a partnership arrangement with Sir William Bass. I am glad that the imputations regarding drag-hunting in the Tedworth country have been withdrawn, and Captain Walter Faber, M.P., goes on with the command.

Do Pheasants Fly So Well?

One question which has arisen out of the covert-shooting season, now practically finished, is whether pheasants fly so well as they did in the old days? My remarks on this subject last week have led to some correspondence, and the general tone of letters received indicates that birds are not quite so good as they were in some places. I know it is commonly believed that there were never such high "long-tails" as there are to-day, but several old hands are inclined to controvert that view. One well-known sportsman, who takes a prominent place at many of the best covert shoots, declares that there has been a pronounced deterioration in pheasants within his own experience. They do not fly so well as they did, even as recently as ten years ago, is his theory. He offers alternative reasons for this supposed deterioration. One is that keepers nowadays are inclined to over-feed their birds. Another is that generations of hand-rearing is causing the birds to become tamer every year. It is an exceedingly interesting point, and one would like to know the opinions of other shooting men on the subject.

A. W. C.

Steeplechasing at Hurst Park: Mr. Stedall's Angouleme (S. Walkington up), Winner of the Surbiton Steeplechase, leading from Flaxen, who fell at the Open Ditch

RACING

By CARBINE

THE GRAND NATIONAL

His Majesty's Stud

On the best authority I may state that King George takes a great interest in his breeding farm at Sandringham, and I am very glad to hear that the stud season at the Royal establishment bids fair to be an exceedingly successful one. Foals are expected from no fewer than ten of His Majesty's broodmares, so that there will be plenty of youngsters later on to send from Sandringham to the Egerton House stables. One of the matrons from whom foals are not looked for is Laodamia, as fine a thoroughbred mare as ever I saw, and her produce, as a rule, are just as good-looking as she is, but they have been consistently disappointing on the racecourse. Many will be interested to know that Witch of the Air, who won a race at Kempton Park a few hours before King Edward's death, is to be mated this year with Louviers, who nearly beat Minoru in the Derby.

Grand National Entries

We are taken a step forward by the publication of these entries, but real interest in the coming great contest at Aintree will not be properly kindled until the appearance of the weights next week. One cannot be surprised to see that five French horses have been nominated; indeed, the wonder is rather that more foreigners have not been entered, because Lutteur III. showed us that it is quite possible for a good French 'chaser to tackle the formidable jumps at Aintree with success. Mr. Hennessy has again entered Lutteur III., and if the handicappers are not too severe he may be quite capable of repeating his memorable victory at Liverpool. Two other former winners, Rubio and Jenkinstown, have been entered. One surveys with much interest the party of eight entered by Coulthwaite, who seems to possess special qualifications for turning out Grand National winners. I fancy he has a most promising young horse in his Rathnally, as likely a 'chaser as any I know to secure Grand National honours, even though it may not be in the present year. Another formidable stable is that presided over by Gore. His horses have not been very conspicuous so far this season, and I fancy he did not have them so forward as usual in the first part of the winter, but no doubt we shall hear a great deal of them in February and March. Almost inevitably Jerry M. and Cackler will be at the head of the handicap, and the success of either would be quite possible even under top weight.

Selections

Racing under National Hunt Rules has not been particularly lively this month. The struggle between Montreal and Himan over hurdles produced some excitement at Lingfield Park last week. Montreal won, but it is by no means certain yet that he is the better of the pair. On Saturday Rory O'Moore put another success to his account, and he is clearly the most valuable horse in Mr. Percy Whitaker's stable. In regard to the events of the present week, we may have some interesting sport at Newbury if frost and fog permit. On Wednesday **Police Trap** may win the Sefton Steeplechase, and on the following day **Temnos** the Berkshire Hurdle Race. At Lingfield on Friday **Smithfield** is my selection for the New Year Steeplechase.

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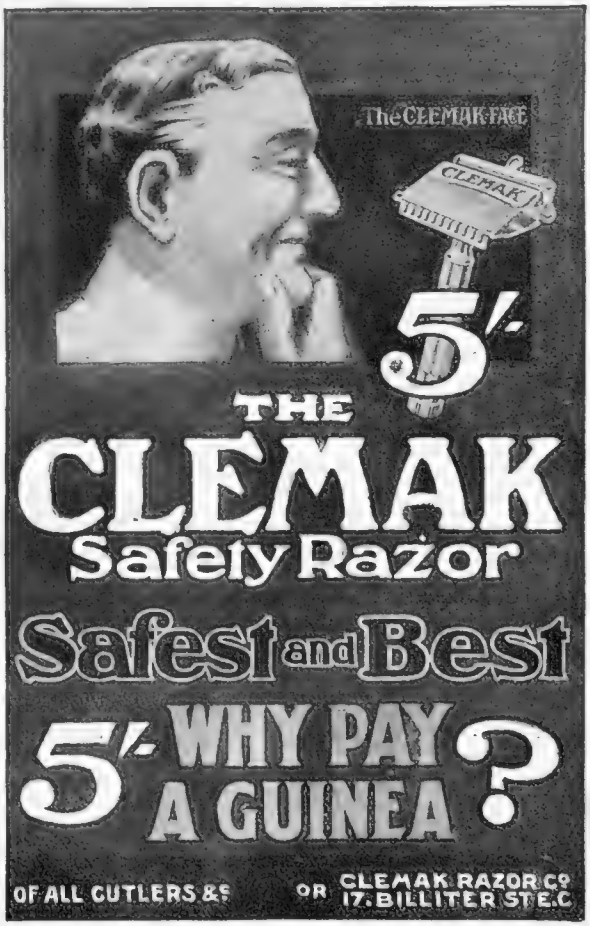

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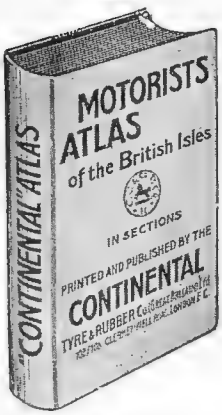

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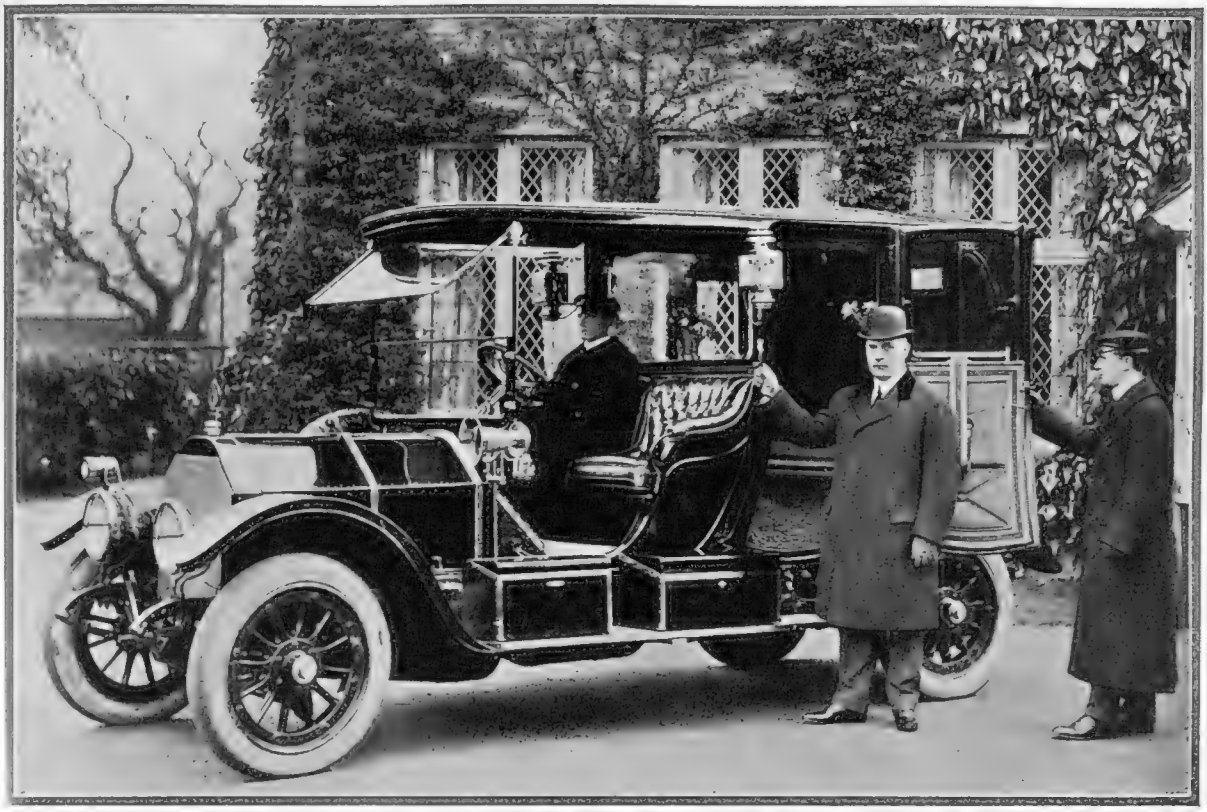

In the Public Eye

Mr. Walter Gibbons, whose latest venture in Vaudeville takes the form of one of the noblest and best-equipped theatres or varieties in London (the Palladium), and his 50-75 h.-p. Itala car. Mr. Gibbons has been on the Executive Committee of the Automobile Association from its commencement, and is as expert upon motor vehicles as he is upon public amusements

On the Motorist One and Indivisible

"The man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before deserves well of his country"—perhaps! It depends upon the blades. If two try to grow on the same ground there will be overcrowding and starveling grass. The man who makes one blade grow sturdily where two blades shrivelled before deserves, therefore, much more from his country, and generally—does not get it! Which brings me to the fusion of the Automobile Association and the Motor Union, now finally and cordially ratified by general meetings of both bodies, and to the necessity for explaining that the parable of the blades of grass demands circumspect application. The Automobile Association with its definite 18,000 members, and the Motor Union with its approximate 10,000 members, do not suggest starveling grass. But they were both striving to grow on very much the same ground. One organisation must be stronger than two if it consists of both, or we must ruthlessly murder another parable dear to our hearts—that of the bundle of sticks. The A.A.-M.U. are one. That I hold to be in the best interests of what is known of the motor movement, meaning here the advantage of motorists. There now remains the Royal Automobile Club and the A.A.M.U. If these two can agree upon their respective fields of operation, they may go on happily and without waste of force. The agreement should be quite the easy matter, although certainly the complaint of clashing interest does not yet arise in any virulent form. But it *may* arise; it *is* a contingency, and it is certainly undesirable. For the moment, however, we may properly take pleasure in the knowledge that one cause of friction has been removed, and possess ourselves in hope that the other will either not arise at all or, arising, find as happy a solution.

Revoking Speed-Limits

This is important. It suggests several things equally important. It may mean, for example, that the Local Government Board will find grace. It may mean, again, that local authorities are coming to see the absurdity of speed-limits. And if that, indeed, be so, it also means that the public pressure out of which the speed-limit came has relaxed, and that shortly we may arrive at sanity upon the road. In brief, it may mean that at last the official mind, lagging always behind the event, has accepted the car as part of the scheme of things, and has recognised that a motor vehicle to be of service at all must move faster than the form of transport it supplants, and *can* be moved faster—much faster—without danger or damage to our loyal and well-beloved subject, the man in the street and on the highway. Certainly this is only a little thing, but it is significant. It is only an action to remove one of the most preposterous of speed-limits, but it is notable. It takes the form of an application from the East Sussex County Council to the L.G.B. to revoke that portion of the limit which extends from the top of Handcross Hill on the Brighton Road down

its southern side. That is not the only grotesque of its kind in the United Kingdom, and if this application is successful (as it, of course, should be), it may properly be regarded as harbinger of a move which will rid the road of all such stumbling-blocks to progress. It is also in part a very excellent testimony to A.A. work, and wholly an endorsement of the A.A. position upon vexatious speed controls.

In Compression

Reverting for a moment to the matter of the Douglas Celebrations again, I have to make one correction. I gave credit for the idea of the car-race and its organisation to the Manx Automobile Club. A note from Mr. George Drinkwater, the President of the Club, apprises me that in point of fact the matter has not been before the Club, and that the race is outside its official cognisance. I amend the paragraph accordingly, and gladly place the responsibility and the credit upon the proper shoulders, which I take to be the Celebration Committee's. At a time when motoring as a sport is in some need of a fillip the Committee has undertaken the work of organising a road-race. Credit and praise are its due. I give it both warmly.

Another brave feather in the cap of the Continental Company. Tabuteau, the record-breaker and Michelin Cup winner, wires: "Thanks to your Continental aeroplane material I was able, in spite of wind, rain, and snow, to remain in the air for thirteen hours, and your material alone enabled me to break this long-distance record and win Michelin Cup.—TABUTEAU."

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The Humber Aviation department still makes strides. Its contract with the Committee of the United Provinces Exhibition at Allahabad for a supply of the latest type Humber biplanes and monoplanes is indicative of its progress. Its enterprise in concentrating upon the production of all-British machines deserves highest commendation, and the signs that it is coming to its reward will be grateful to everybody concerned with the progress of aviation in this country.

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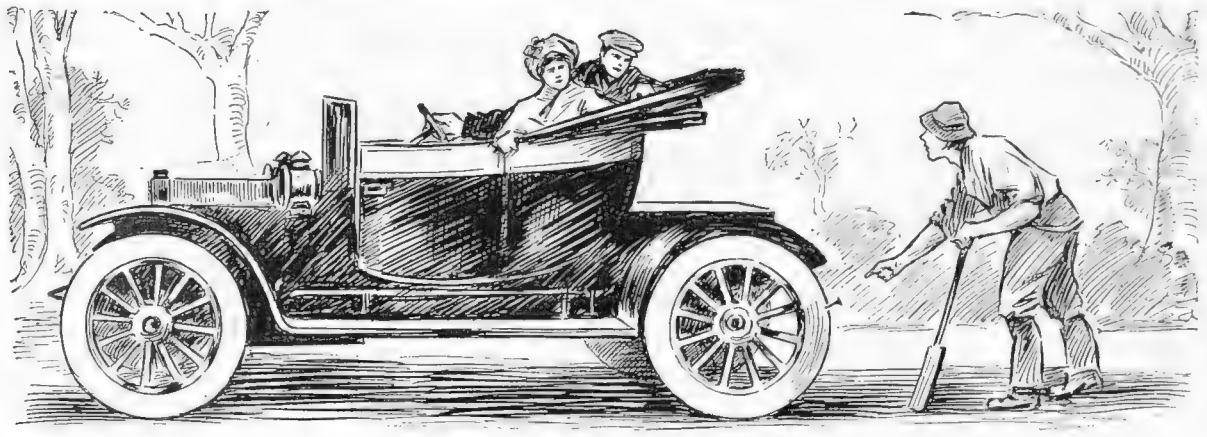

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CARTERS NEW OFFICES AND SEED TESTING GROUNDS

RECENT PROMINENT INTRODUCTIONS:

CARTERS QUITE CONTENT MARROWFAT PEA. Height 5 to 6 ft.

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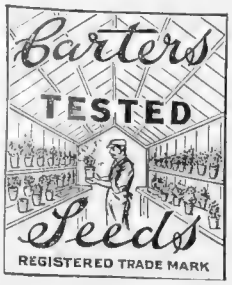

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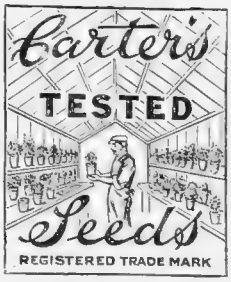

HAMPTONS Great SALE

TO-DAY and until 28th inst.

FABRICS, CURTAINS, AND HOUSEHOLD LINEN AT CLEARANCE REDUCTIONS.

K3—**2,300 yds. 31 in. Best Quality English Glazed Chintz,** reproduction of one of the finest Old English designs, in ideal chintz colours.
Usual price per yd. 1/6½. **Sale price per yd. 8¾d.**

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Usual price per yd. 1/6½. **Sale price per yd. 11½d.**

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Usual price per yd. 1/2½. **Sale price per yd. 8½d.**

K93—**1,050 yds. of Casement Flax,** 31 in. wide, soft finish, suitable for a variety of purposes. In cream only.
Usual price per yd. 1/6½. **Sale price per yd. 10½d.**

20 Pairs Woven Cloth Curtains, with a rich Jacobean tapestry border, 6 ft. wide × 10 ft. long. In red, green, and blue. Usual price 69/6. **Sale price 45/-**

In addition to the stocks specified Hamptons are selling £1,500 worth of good reliable quality

WEAVERS' DAMAGES AT HALF FACTORY COST PRICE.

Many of these are odd size Tablecloths, Towels, &c., which must be viewed for the wonderful value to be realised.

Fine quality **Hemstitched Linen Sheets,** from our factories at Lisburn, near Belfast.
Single bed size:
Usual price 21/9, 24/9, 36/9, 38/9, 45/9, 52/9, 65/9
Clearing at 14/9, 19/9, 29/9, 32/9, 37/9, 45/9, 57/9
Double bed size:
Usual price 23/9, 42/9, 55/9, 59/9, 65/9, 79/9, 85/9, 115/-
Clearing at 17/9, 35/9, 49/9, 52/9, 58/9, 72/9, 79/9, 107/6

No. 31.—**500 Dozens Strong Linen Huckaback Towels,** hemmed ready for use. 27 × 36 ins.
Usual price 8/6 the half doz. **Clearing at 6 for 5/11**

No. 91.—**White Turkish Bath Towels** size 25 × 46. 500 doz.
Usually 18/9 doz. **Clearing at 6 for 6/11**

No. 18.—**White Turkish Bath Towels,** size 27 × 52; an exceptional bargain. 250 doz. Usually 22/9 doz.
Clearing in lots of half dozs. 6 for 8/11

WRITE TO-DAY FOR HAMPTONS' SALE CATALOGUE, PALL MALL EAST, LONDON, S.W.

Country customers are reminded that Hamptons' clearance reductions enable them to save many times over the cost of a visit to London.

LATEST SYSTEMS OF LIGHTING

BY ELECTRICITY, PETROL-GAS, OR ACETYLENE.

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The property of Norman Craig, Esq., K.C., M.P., where we have recently installed a complete **Electric Light** installation under our special system.

The Firm's Special System of Electric Lighting is recommended where immunity from fire risks is the chief consideration.

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WINTER, notwithstanding its trying moods, has a charm all its own which many motorists would thoroughly enjoy were it not for the state of the roads. Tyre troubles, and the fear of tyre troubles, are—like the poor—always with some people. For them the pleasures of motoring are confined to sunny days and fine roads. Yet it is noticeable that bad roads, whether in town or country, at no season of the year ever worry those motorists whose cars are shod with Dunlop tyres. It suggests that long experience has shown the futility of blaming the roads, which we cannot improve, and that the wisest course is to turn attention to tyre efficiency and durability. It is significant, therefore, that such an enormous majority of experienced British motorists use British-made Dunlops on their cars. For twenty-two years Dunlop tyres have held the field against all comers of all nations, notwithstanding this country's being the happy dumping ground for foreign surplus. Only sheer merit and sound value could have achieved such a record. From every point of view it is recognised that Dunlop tyres are unequalled for securing the utmost safety and satisfaction.

The Dunlop Security Bolt Protectors save their cost in a single wet journey. Their simplicity and effectiveness will instantly convince one of their indispensability. Make a point of seeing them.

The Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Co., Ltd., Aston, Birmingham; and 14 Regent St., London, S.W.

One Model only.

15 h.p. (4 cyls).

STRAKER-SQUIRE

"Quite one of the best Cars of its power now before the Public."—*Motor World.*

STRAKER-SQUIRE (Pleasure Car Department),

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We Cannot Afford

to turn out a faulty, inefficient Motor-Cycle. Our reputation has always been for Perfect Design, Materials, and Construction, and our best endeavours are to maintain that reputation. Our 2 h.p. Lightweight Model has just scored another success, having completed the Motor-Cycling Club's 24 hours' run, from London to Exeter and back inside the scheduled time of 24 hours

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This model is daily gaining in popularity. If you desire early delivery, send in your order now.

PRICE, LIGHTWEIGHT, 2 h.p. £37.

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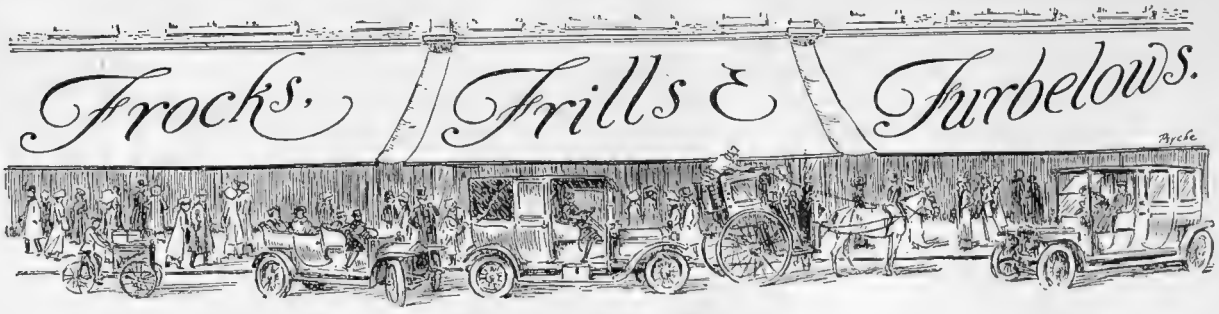

By MRS. JACK MAY

NOTHING—not even the sales, apparently—is going to quell the career of velvet. For the next three months, at least, velvet will continue to play a prominent part in many of the newest and best-approved schemes. While the demand for a certain magnificence of attire, engendered by the Coronation, will help further to prolong the life of velvet in particular sartorial directions. Added to which comes a feeling for velvet *broché* on a ground of *crêpe de Chine*, the design being frequently cut out and *appliqué* on to some contrast. Thus with a beauteous demi-toilette, destined for the South of France, that chanced to come under my notice. This was carried out in the new and very exquisite coppery-rose shade, that seemed mysteriously to melt into a front of black satin—an illusion achieved by cutting out the bold velvet *broché* pattern round the edge and beyond this in small and gradually decreasing portions of the design. The general effect was altogether as effective as it was clever, and a masterpiece of artistic handling.

Le Dernier Cri in Teagowns

The salient feature of this original model is the coat of brocade, worn over a petticoat of *ninon*, a distinct reversal of ideas that will please as much by its freshness as by its admittedly effective appearance. For its materialisation we would suggest mist-grey *ninon* and grey-and-gold brocade, the *ninon* veiling a *doublure* of gold tissue

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

A Sale to Attend Quickly

Is that of the London Corset Company, 28, New Bond Street. The clearance here is always a very complete affair, the surplus stock including samples of special makes and odd pairs of the daintiest fashioning in satin, silk, and brocade, possessions always coveted by the fastidious woman, but, alas! not always obtainable; for these corsets are not only of exclusive character, but are all made in Paris, and, consequently, command a price. A very appreciable reduction is applied to the firm's famous "Tricot" Corsets, which continue to claim superlative praise from all those fortunate enough to enjoy their services. And also very temptingly lowered in price are two of the latest models from Paris. The first of these is of *crêpe de Chine*, extremely long over the hips and a low bust, very slightly boned and a mere feather-weight, the *crêpe* moulding to the figure like a glove. Naturally, the cost of such an ideal production is heavy, although those who know will appreciate the sale price of £5 13*s.* 6*d.* The companion model is of *broché*, and while not of quite such extravagant length, keeps the hips in splendidly, and is well worth knowing about and securing at 43*s.* 6*d.*

The corset business here is assuming such mammoth proportions, and exacts such an amount of attention, that it has been decided to put a closure on the dress-making and tailoring, with the exception of lingerie and washing frocks. The blouse department, however, will continue, and, of course, the *recherché* French lingerie. Naturally, this decision has had a vital influence on the clearance of the stock of coats and skirts, day-gowns, and evening dresses, all of which are marked at rates that leave no doubt as to their being dispersed.

The Fascination of Extreme Value

This is exemplified once again in the January sale of surplus stock being held by Hamptons, Pall Mall. Their sale, as all the

HOW I ENLARGED MY BUST

After Massage, Cold Creams, Wooden Cups, Electricity, Dangerous Drugs, and other methods had all failed.

A WOMAN'S SECRET LAID BARE.

How I watched my bust grow in size, day by day and week after week, until I had obtained

A SUPERB DEVELOPMENT IN ONE MONTH'S TIME.

Special arrangement for readers of this journal to obtain full information FREE.

I will tell you how I obtained a beautiful, large bust in fifteen days' time, and how you may do the same. The treatment I recommend to you is exactly the plan I followed myself, and which gave me a superb development in less than one month. Until I learned of the long-hidden secret of reproducing the bust development which I enjoy to-day, I confess that people had always looked upon me as a woman with a poor figure. My clothes did not set well, and I failed to receive the admiration which is so pleasing to a woman. You can understand how anxious I was to obtain a luxurious bust development, and consequently I tried nearly all the methods I saw advertised, but none of them did me any good. Massage and cold creams made my bust soft and flabby; wooden cups seemed to have no effect whatever; electricity proved utterly useless; and I believe the dangerous drugs which I took into my system did me more harm than good. I grew more fretful and nervous than ever, and became absolutely discouraged, for I felt that nothing further could be done, and I must go through life with a flat bust, a poor figure, and a nervous disposition. In the depth of my despair a friend of mine, who had given a lifetime to study and scientific research, suggested to me a plan which was so different from anything I had ever seen or used that I consented to make one final trial. My health was so poor that I admit being sceptical of obtaining any results. You can imagine my surprise and delight when I noticed that my bust was becoming firmer, and I watched it grow in size, day by day and week by week, until, at the end of fifteen days, not only the reflection in my mirror, but actual measurements, proved conclusively to me the wonderful enlargement that had been produced. Those who had known me for years were astonished at the improvement in my appearance. In less than one month I was able to rejoice in a superb development of the bust, which surpassed even my fondest dream. I felt better and stronger, my nerves were rested, and I took a greater interest in life. I was doubly astonished at these marvellous results because the treatment had required so little time to follow that I did not neglect any of my regular duties. Best of all, the treatment had not made me fat, but had only produced the development which I had so long desired. Such a wonderful change from ugliness to beauty may seem hard to believe, but it is absolutely true, as I can prove by those who knew me before and after I followed this treatment. You can judge for yourself, for I recommend the same treatment to you which I used with such success. I have arranged for full information regarding this remarkable plan to be sent to all readers of this journal who fill out the Coupon below and send it within ten days to Madame Margarette Merlain (Dept. 804), 85, Great Portland Street, London, W. If convenient, please enclose stamp for reply.

FREE COUPON FOR READERS OF "THE BYSTANDER."

Cut out this Coupon and send to-day, with your name and address, to Madame Margarette Merlain (Dept. 804), 85, Great Portland Street, London, W., for full information in regard to the plan which she followed for obtaining a LUXURIOUS BUST DEVELOPMENT, RESTED NERVES, and PERFECT HEALTH. This Coupon is good if used within ten days from the date of publication of the above article.

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19 hrs. from London. 13 hrs. 50 mins. from Paris.

The Winter Resort most renowned for the mildness and equability of its climate and the attractions of its fêtes.

For all information address the Comité d'Intérêt Local. Mairie de Nice.

BLOUSES & VEILINGS

Ladies who wish to obtain blouses and veilings of *exclusive patterns* should visit Madame Sanger's showrooms at 36, Sloane Street, Knightsbridge, where they will find an unequalled stock of these articles at prices which are no more than those charged at the "popular" drapers. Madame Sanger's stock of veilings is the largest in London.

M. SANGER, 36, Sloane St.

LONDON, S.W.

world knows, is an absolutely genuine clearance of furniture, carpets, rugs, furniture fabrics, chintzes, curtains, household linen, china, and glass. In fact, practically everything for the house, save kitchen utensils, comes under the ban of the blue pencil.

A special opportunity is provided for securing a stock of high-class bedroom suites at less than the cost of production, a number of perfectly upholstered easy-chairs going at drastic reductions, such as £3 18*s.* instead of the original £5 2*s.* 6*d.* for a handsome wing-chair, and 57*s.* 6*d.* for one of those fascinating "Bergère" chairs, with cane back and sides and upholstered seats.

To make room for their 1911 designs, a clean sweep is being made of last season's English and French wall and ceiling-papers, the prices quoted being almost incredible. Carpets, as always, provide one of the biggest magnets. All the qualities are warranted, and every reduction an actual fact. There are some notable bargains in Axminster, a seamless carpet of this particular weave being shown in the catalogue in colours, together with a Wilton Pile, and a delicately toned Indian carpet.

Chintzes start as low as 4¾*d.* the yard, and throughout the slashings down are most severe, Messrs. Hampton having a big reputation to live up to in respect of standing in the van of fashionable demand in this regard. These words will appear just in time for the first remnant day, Saturday, 21st, the second taking place on the 28th. Meanwhile, the firm will be pleased to send their catalogue to all and sundry who may desire it.

"The Looking-Glass." By E. M. Jameson. (*Continued from page* 144)

Through her maid she gave her orders, and in an hour they had been obeyed.

Even she herself laughed when she saw the incongruity of the result. The oval mirror, a delicate, light affair with much gilding on its ornamentation, was undoubtedly of another period. But Lucia felt she loved it. Her own reflection, happy and radiant, smiled back at her; she was another personality in the oval glass. That night she slept soundly, and for several nights in succession.

Then Balencourt came back. Lucia had given no orders for the removal of the mirror, and the moment he entered the room his eyes fell upon it.

Lucia, watching the outraged amazement of his face, slipped her hand caressingly through his arm.

"I had it brought in here," she said, knowing all the time that her appeal would be useless; "the other frightens me."

He stared down at her, not hearing the words, his whole mind intent upon having removed that incongruous blot upon the room's perfections. The mirror, on its slender, gilded pedestal, wore a mincing air. Its proper place was amid the surroundings of flowered chintz or brocade.

"The thing is a laughing-stock in here," said Balencourt. "By this time, Lucia, you surely might have some inkling at least of the fitness of things." He was not even angry. Untouched for generations, the room must remain untouched still. There was a certain crass stupidity and narrowness in him that needed regulating.

When she went to her room that night the gilded mirror had been replaced by the looking-glass which had been there for so many years. Lucia lay and watched it until the fire sank low in the grate. From the mirror came a pale reflection like moonlight on a forest pool. She leaned up on her elbow, pushing her hair from her eyes, and then very slowly she slipped out of bed.

. . . . . .

Balencourt, waking with a start, heard a voice speaking. It was a low voice, one he did not seem to know, and it was intersected by a little high-pitched laugh.

The room was in darkness except for two small drips of light from the candles on either side of the looking-glass. Before the table sat Lucia, her white figure glimmering palely in the gloom. The loose sleeves had fallen away from her arms; her face, supported in her palms, was very close to the glass.

As Balencourt approached he could see the reflection of the pale face and large, dilated eyes. It was surely not Lucia's face, he told himself, with a chill at his heart, any more than the voice was Lucia's. She nodded to his reflection over her shoulder, then, with a swift movement, rose, taking up a heavy cut-glass and silver jar that lay at hand.

"I must get through," he heard her say; "I must—get—through, and see what lies beyond." He caught her arm as she raised it to hurl the jar at the looking-glass. It fell with a crash, rolling away to a corner of the room. Lucia awoke. She looked at him for a moment, then slipped from his hold, and fell unconscious on the floor.

. . . . . .

In the days that followed, Balencourt had time for thought. His point of view became changed. He realised that we are not all made alike; that a man and a woman may live quite peaceably together, and yet in ideas and sympathies be æons apart.

He had loved his wife in his selfish way, had bestowed upon her not alone food and raiment and the hundred things that women like, but had even looked to the development of her mind in the direction he wished it to go. But now, as she lay there unconscious, raving of her loneliness, her fancies, her desire to please him, and to keep such things to herself for fear of his derision, she held his heart in the hollow of her hand. He realised that under past conditions his companionship had not sufficed for her. She had tried to enter his life; but he had never attempted to enter into hers. He remembered her piteous appeal to him on the day of their return together. He loved her, it is true; but it was always her beauty that counted; her soul concerned him not at all. Now, as he sat in her room, and, from a sense of reparation, forced himself to listen, she bared her mind to him, making him realise how poor a thing, and how unsatisfying, his love had been. He had failed her in the little things of life that play so great a part in a woman's happiness.

All his being was bounded by the sick-room. Centuries seemed to pass before the light of recognition dawned in her eyes.

One day—the crisis passed—they allowed him to show himself. Love that is worth the name had come to him during her helplessness. He leaned over her in a silent rapture of thankfulness.

He was haggard and worn with much watching. She looked at him with puzzled eyes; then, as her glance wandered from him to the surroundings, the bewilderment deepened. It was not the room she had known, but one full of light and sunshine, all freshly bedecked in soft colours, with rose-lined chintz hangings at the windows. Her gaze went to the oval mirror standing daintily upon its gilded pedestal, and thence to his face. In his eyes she saw something that had never shone for her before.

With a long-drawn sigh of comprehension, she drew her fingers weakly across his face, as if seeking to smooth away the lines that anxiety had put there. Then, as he stooped and kissed her, she fell asleep, her hand closely enfolded in his own. The oval mirror, daintily poised on its pedestal, shone radiantly in the sunlight.

Balencourt's glance passed from it to the serene face on the pillow, and rested there. E. M. Jameson.

Established 1899. *Telephone: 7329 Gerrard.*

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CLEARANCE SALE

OF THE FINEST

PARIS MODEL GOWNS and FURS

DURING JANUARY, 1911

REGARDLESS OF COST!

An opportunity for new and our numerous old patrons to purchase some extraordinary bargains, since, in our endeavour to effect a thorough radical clearance, we have decided not to take any regard to cost prices be our losses ever so great.

Day and Evening Gowns, Opera Cloaks, Costumes, Fur Coats, and Sets in all varieties.

COMPLETE OUTFITS FOR THE RIVIERA, EGYPT, AND THE COLONIES.

Trousseaux a Speciality.

Alterations to fit, free of charge, during January.

Kate Newton

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(Five minutes' walk from Oxford Circus).

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TOOTH PASTE

Pebeco offers you more and greater advantages than any other tooth paste on the market. Pebeco cleanses the teeth perfectly, sterilizes the mouth, deodorises the breath, and stimulates to healthy action every portion of the oral cavity.

Endorsed by Doctors.

Pebeco has won the hearty endorsement of leading medical men during the last 20 years and has earned high encomiums from the Dental Faculty.

PROOF.

If you will send us your name and address (together with 3*d.* to cover cost of packing and postage), we will send you a tube of Pebeco FREE, together with a most interesting test, to enable you to PROVE THE MERITS of Pebeco before you buy it.

Large Tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste 1/-, of Chemists and Stores, or sent on receipt of price by

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The Greatest Treat of all!

Brushing one's teeth with Calox is surely the most delightful feature of one's toilet.

Calox Tooth Powder liberates a rich supply of cleansing, purifying, life-giving Oxygen which, besides removing every trace of tartar and discoloration from the teeth, sweetens and invigorates all the tissues and deodorises the breath. Calox Tooth Powder prevents decay, arrests it when started, and tones up the entire oral cavity.

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"haute nouveauté" corsets are ideal, being built on anatomical principles an elegant and graceful contour is created. Mesdames are specialists for Fashionable, Surgical, Gestation, Restoring, Obesity, and Hunting Corsets. Only address,

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The present-day demand is for very mild bacon, but with good keeping qualities. In

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you have all which goes to make a Bacon agreeable to the most fastidious palate—Mildness in Cure, Uniformity in Quality and Cheapness in Price.

Will you try a Side? We ***can*** *please you.*

MILES' FINEST 3 STAR EXCELLENT,

weighing about 45lbs.

Smoked 8½d. Unsmoked 7¾d.

RAIL PAID ANYWHERE.

Send for Illustrated List.

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(ENTIRELY FREE FROM GREASE)

FOR PREVENTING Wrinkles, for RESTORING and BEAUTIFYING the Complexion it is unequalled.

BLOTCHES, CHAPS, FRECKLES, REDNESS, ROUGHNESS, SUNBURN disappear as if by magic.

MOTORISTS find it INVALUABLE

Use also POUDRE SIMON

Refined, Delightful, Absolutely pure.

Of all Chemists, Hairdressers Perfumers and Stores.

ASTROLOGY

As expounded by **"THE OLD ASTROLOGER"** is astounding in its accuracy. **MERCURY'S** letters of appreciation are like his clients, **"LEGION."** If you have not already proved his skill, lose no more time in sending birth date with 1/- P.O., for a test reading of your horoscope, as he is now adding TWO years' advice for a short time.

PROF. MERCURY, B.D.
LLANDAFF, GLAMORGAN.

Welcome always, Keep it handy,

GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY.

Sold Everywhere.

Made from delicious Kent Morella Cherries.

Also Grant's Sloe Gin, Cherry Whisky, &c.

A Fine Race of Begonias

The gradual change in public taste which is replacing formal bedding by a more natural style of gardening is also seen in the change in the values attached to different flowers. The camellia, once so popular, is now almost a rarity, because, in spite of its beauty, it is regarded as stiff ; the geranium —or, to give it the more correct name, zonal pelargonium—has fallen into disfavour for the same reason ; it is not unlikely that even the begonia, though a much later favourite, may go the same way now that the flowers of the singles are nearly as large and flat as cheese-plates, and those of the doubles in many cases as regular as camellias. The so-called improvement in size, which is due to exhibition influence, is, unfortunately, seldom accompanied by a corresponding thickness of stalk, and many of these huge flowers have to be supported by sticks, a nuisance at any time, and especially so when the mere act of tying them up is liable to break them off, so slight is their attachment. There is, however, a newer race called "Crispa," with curled and fringed petals, which is much superior to the ordinary kind. Not only are the flowers less regular and more pleasing in form, but also they are mostly on stalks strong enough to hold them erect. Like the common singles and doubles, they may be raised from seed, and if this is sown now in heat they will flower towards the end of summer, though, of course, not as well as in subsequent years. As the seed is a fine powder, it should not be covered with soil—merely strewn thinly on the surface and slightly pressed in, a sheet of glass being afterwards laid over the top of the pot or box to check evaporation, and then brown paper to exclude the light.

A New Idea for Summerhouses

It is often said that the art of thatching has become extinct, and so far as ordinary stacks and cottages are concerned this may be true. But in the case of summerhouses the thatching is sometimes so perfect that it instantly arrests attention. This, surely, is going to an extreme. If an artificial structure in the garden is brought into competition with what should be its chief features, its plants and flowers, there must be something wrong about it. By the adoption of a Japanese idea an excellent way out of the difficulty may be found. There is a beautiful blue iris which is called Iris tectorum because the Japanese grow it on cottage roofs to bind the thatch and hold it in position. Their object is strictly utilitarian, but the effect, when the plants are in flower, is charming, while even at other seasons, when they are carrying only leaves, they are very pleasing in appearance. Why should not this iris be grown on the roofs of English summerhouses ? The conditions would generally be those that are most suitable for it—a sharp slope to run off an excessive amount of moisture and full exposure to the sunshine in summer. In the south and west it is hardy, and even in cold districts a light covering of straw tied down over the rhizomes in winter should be sufficient to protect them from harm.

H. C. Davidson.

The Menu : SOME VEGETARIAN SOUPS

Palestine Soup
Tomato Soup
Bretonne Soup
Macaroni Soup
Chestnut Purée

Palestine Soup

Two pounds of Jerusalem artichokes, one quart of milk, one onion stuck with six cloves, 1oz. of butter, 1oz. of flour, white pepper and salt. Peel the artichokes, boil in salted water till tender, pulp through a hair sieve. Boil the onion, cloves, and pepper in the milk. When well flavoured, strain it. Melt the butter in a stewpan, stir in the flour, then gradually the milk and artichoke pulp, boil it up, stirring well all the time. Add more milk if the soup is too thick.

Tomato Soup

One pound of tomatoes, 1oz. of butter, one teaspoonful of bi-carbonate of soda, one dessertspoonful of flour, 1oz. of Edwards' white dessicated soup, one pint of milk, a little cayenne pepper, salt, white sugar. Method : Boil the tomatoes till tender, pulp them through a sieve, add to them the bi-carbonate of soda. Mix the dessicated soup with a little cold water, leave it to soak a quarter of an hour ; add to it a pint of boiling milk, boil quarter of an hour, stir well. Melt the butter in a stewpan, when it boils stir in the flour, add the soup, milk, and seasoning, and when boiling add the tomato purée, heat again thoroughly, but do not allow the soup to boil.

Bretonne Soup

Two Spanish onions, 3oz. of melted butter, 1oz. of oatmeal, 3oz. of haricot beans (previously soaked), six pints of water, half a gill of milk. Method : Peel and chop the onions finely, put them in a stewpan containing the butter, and fry the onions to a light brown colour. Stir in the oatmeal and haricot beans, mix well, and add the water. Boil up, skim, and cook for about three-quarters of an hour, stirring frequently. Pass the soup through a sieve, return to the stewpan, and heat up again ; add salt and pepper to season ; also the milk a few minutes before serving. Serve with fried sippets.

Macaroni Soup

Two ounces of macaroni, one pint and a quarter of milk, ½oz. of breadcrumbs, one onion, and one pint of water. Method : Put the milk and water on to boil, add salt to taste. Directly the milk and water reaches boiling-point throw in the onion and macaroni. Simmer for half an hour, and then add the breadcrumbs and cook for a quarter of an hour longer ; pass all through a wire sieve, return to the pan, add chopped parsley to flavour, and salt and pepper. Serve very hot and hand grated Parmesan cheese.

Chestnut Purée

Boil 120z. of chestnuts until all the skin can be removed, pass them through a sieve. Put into a pan with one onion, a stick of celery, a sprig of parsley, and one and a half pints of water. Simmer for an hour and a half, then add three-quarters of a pint of milk, some parsley finely chopped, pepper and salt. Put through a sieve. Make very hot and serve.

Emilia.

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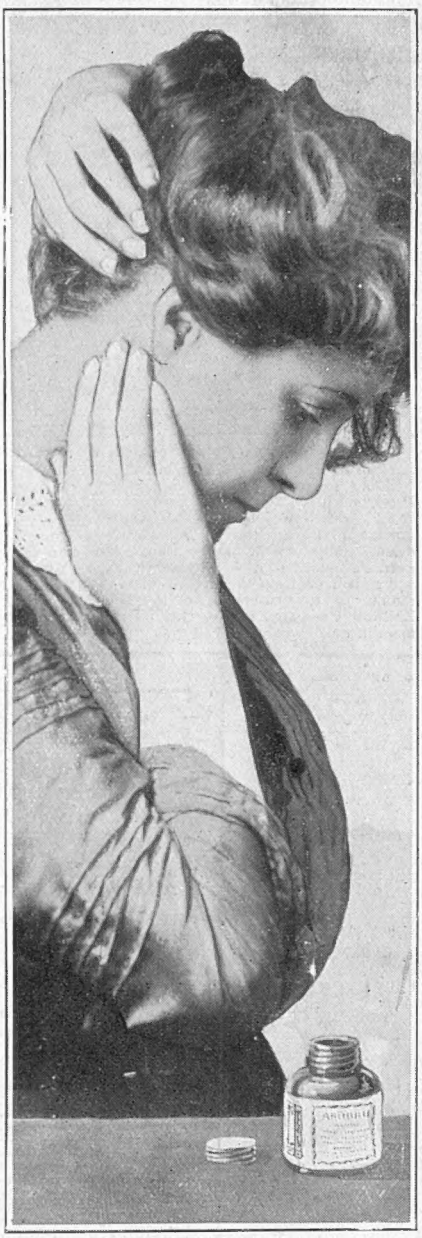

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Antexema is different from everything else in the world, and that is why it works cures when all else has failed. Instead of being a quack nostrum put together on no scientific basis, Antexema is a doctor's remedy, the fruit of study and research as to the cause and cure of skin disease, and it is because it is a genuine medical preparation that such marvellous benefits follow its use. Victims of skin illness who have been tortured for years gain ease, comfort, and freedom from their enemy by using Antexema. Children who have been terribly tormented and disfigured by eczema and other similar troubles are soothed and comforted the instant Antexema touches the inflamed skin.

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The Editor's Box

"Who's Who" for 1911

The 1911 edition of that invaluable book of reference, "Who's Who," appears bulkier than ever. One shudders to think what one would do without its 2,245 pages of closely printed, accurate information about the great ones of the world. Indeed, what did our fathers do in the days when "Who's Who" was not?

"Debrett"

In the preface to the 1911 edition of "Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage," a copy of the Royal edition of which (cloth gilt, 2,480pp., 31*s.* 6*d.* net) we have received, the following, among others, interesting points are dealt with: House of Lords Reform, Coronation Ceremony, Year's Honours, the Dissolution, and Yearly Statistics. "Debrett" is the oldest Peerage volume extant, and it has already seen the reigns of six British Sovereigns, four Coronations, three Jubilee periods, the whole of the twenty-nine Parliaments which have sat since the Union with Ireland took place, all the service honours conferred in connection with the Crimean and Abyssinian Wars, the Indian Mutiny, Ashantee Expedition, Afghan and Burma Wars, Egyptian Expedition, South African War, etc., and such Imperial events as the proclamation of Queen Victoria as Empress of India, and the establishment of the Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, and the Union of South Africa.

Royal Appointments

Bovril has had the honour of receiving the Royal Warrant from H.M. the King. It will be remembered that Bovril was favoured with the Royal Appointment to King Edward VII.

The Modernisation of Fishguard

This picture gives a delightful glimpse of the fine harbour of Fishguard. The picturesquely situated building seen amid the trees is a large modern hotel, and it is difficult to believe that a few years ago Fishguard was but a Welsh hamlet by the sea, famous in history (for a French invasion), but, commercially speaking, non-existent. To-day, however, Fishguard is a world-port dealing with mails and passengers from the largest liners in the world, thanks to the enterprise of the Great Western Railway Company, who started its rapid development in 1906 by using it for Southern Ireland traffic

Messrs. Cantrell and Cochrane, Ltd., the well-known mineral water manufacturers, of Dublin and Belfast, have just been honoured with a Warrant of Appointment to His Majesty King George. His Majesty the King has again conferred the Royal Warrant of Appointment on Messrs. Hedges and Butler, wine merchants, of Regent Street. Established 250 years ago this historical firm has enjoyed the uninterrupted possession of the Royal Appointment to the reigning Monarchs of England for nearly 100 years.

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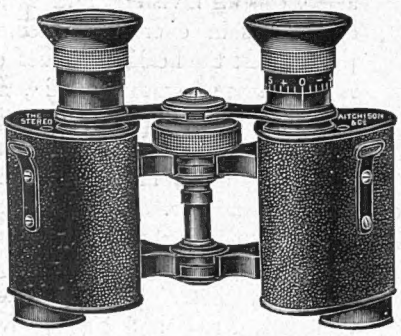

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